

# THE SEWANEE REVIEW

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VOL. XX ]

JANUARY, 1912

[ No. 1

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## MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS AS A POET

One reads Mr. Stephen Phillips's latest poems—*Pietro of Siena*, and *The New Inferno*—with a renewed sense of disappointment that there should be such a discrepancy between the promise of the author's youth and the performance of his maturity. His early efforts were greeted with extraordinarily high acclaim, his career was watched with universal expectancy. The *Christ in Hades*, published in 1896—his first notable poem, riveted the attention of literary men throughout the English-speaking world. Indeed, so great was the success of this poem that Mr. Phillips was encouraged to devote himself exclusively to literature, with the result that a few months later he published a volume of miscellaneous poems—among them the faultlessly beautiful *Marpessa*. This volume was awarded the premium of one hundred guineas offered by the proprietors of *The Academy* to the writer who should make "the most important contribution to the literature of 1897." The critics, as well as his fellow-craftsmen, now hailed him as a poet of royal poetic endowment. From continent to continent flashed the enthusiastic hope that a supremely gifted poet had come to take up the sceptre so recently fallen from the fingers of England's great laureate. Mr. Phillips was promptly commissioned by Mr. Alexander to write a drama, and as a result of this timely stimulus *Paolo and Francesca* was written during the following year and was printed in 1899. The beauty and power of this drama surprised his most expectant admirers; and even critics who had been lukewarm or sceptical hitherto, made haste to welcome

him as one among the authentic poets of the world. Mr. Phillips was still young — thirty-one years of age. His progress had not only been swift and startling; it had been even and consistent. There was about all that he did a certain dignity, gravity, and elevation that augured well for steady growth and increasing ripeness and splendor of creative effort.

So it is not strange that exciting — even extravagant — prophecies were made for him. The finest critics of England and America mentioned Sophocles and Shakespeare, Dante and Milton and Tennyson in connection with his name. One critic wrote: "*Marpessa* has almost Shakespearean tenderness and beauty." Said Mr. William Watson: "He has demonstrated what I should hardly have thought demonstrable — that another poem can be finer than *Christ in Hades*." The comment of the critic in *Literature* was: "His blank verse is entirely his own, everywhere dignified, sonorous, and musical. No man in our generation, and few in any generation, have written better than this." When *Paola and Francesca* was published Mr. Richard Le Gallienne wrote: "It would be impossible to exaggerate one's gratitude to Mr. Phillips for this priceless gift of new beauty." Mr. William Archer affirmed that "Sardou could not have ordered the action more skillfully, Tennyson could not have clothed the passion in words of purer loveliness." Mr. Churton Collins said: "It unquestionably places Mr. Phillips in the first rank of modern dramatists and of modern poetry. It does more, it claims his kinship with the aristocrats of his art; with Sophocles and Dante;" and Mr. Sidney Colvin confesses that "Apprehension lest a modern hand should be found once more merely fumbling with the theme of Dante gives way, as one reads, to pleasure and surprise, that the theme should be capable of being re-handled so nobly and strikingly."

In *Herod*, the poet's next production, there was falling off neither in poetic achievement on his part, nor of approval on the part of the public. *Herod* is a really great tragedy — as well adapted to the stage as to the gratification of the private reader. For a hundred nights it was presented in Her Majesty's Theatre, London, by Mr. Beerbohm Tree. The critics made no reservation as to Mr. Phillips's title to the name of a great

dramatist as well as of a great poet. Structurally adequate, swift, passionate, boldly imaginative, and phrased in majestic verse so flexible and melodious as to suggest comparison with the blank verse of Marlowe and Shakespeare, it was impossible that this production should not excite in the minds of English-speaking people everywhere proud and gratifying hopes for the future of English drama.

The hand that wrote *The Sin of David* had by no means lost its cunning. The action runs fiery hot from the first line to the last, and every line is palpitant with passion and with fate. The drama is constructed with great skill; there is undeviating force and directness of diction; rare art in contrast and foreshadowing. And, notwithstanding the grim retributive note that dominates the poem throughout, upon the whole he has set the seal of romantic beauty, too. He has unlocked to us alike the loveliness and the sorrow of frail mortality. There is mingled intensity and austerity of treatment. It is more ethical than Mr. Phillips's poems are wont to be; and "in its sharp criticism of negative and prohibitive morality it is in accord with deep currents of popular and learned thought."

In *Nero* there are fewer thrilling and memorable lines than in *The Sin of David*; fewer sustained imaginative passages; a less steady flame of passion. In the parting words of Agrippina to Nero the poet does catch for a moment the ultimate secret of poetry. Here, without apparent effort, he effects an instantaneous union of passion and imagination with the most simple and satisfying phrase—invokes a magic rhythm, too, that chimes on the ear and strikes the heart like an echo of the faultless modulations of classic verse. On the other hand, the closing passage of the drama, where Nero surveys the red ruin that licks up Rome, is weak and disappointing. The really notable achievement in this poem, though, is the author's serious and masterful study of the artistic temperament when divorced from all moral restraint. "*Nero* is a searching analysis of the artist nature, uncovering its most secret sores, and that with power."

But from the time that *Herod* was written until the present—a full decade now—the poet's powers have declined. Since 1900, in the dramas already mentioned, and in the lyrics that

have appeared from time to time, he has given us much that is strong and beautiful — much that lifts and stirs and entrals — but he has not succeeded in assuming again the imperial purple of song; infinity but rarely broods upon his pen. And, though there is a vast difference of poetic quality between the drama *Pietro of Siena* and the blank verse poem *The New Inferno*, there is little to indicate that he has retaken or can retake his first fine poetic rapture. As to achieving new and higher strains — apparently quite out of him!

*Pietro of Siena*,<sup>1</sup> his latest drama, is picturesque and swift, and highly condensed. There are words and lines that burn with pure poetic fire; and in Luigi's soliloquy at dawn, in the last act, there is imagery, emotion, and unforced grandeur of expression that recall Lord Bryon at his best — in the sunset speech of Manfred; — but these are for the most part echoes of his earlier work. Not once does he, as of old, by the sudden release of a surcharged epithet or phrase or image, electrify the reader's mind. He opens no new vistas of thought, presents no spiritual visions. His verse does not avail to "tease us out of thought as doth eternity." His earlier poetry moves perilously near the border line that separates the sensuous from the sensual. But this drama seems steeped in a carnal atmosphere. He has put off his sky-robés for the rank weeds of earth. One can but admire the swiftness and concentration of the drama. There is no change of scene from the City of Siena, and the action runs its course between sunset and sunrise. But how weak the characters! How inadequate the analysis and presentation of motive! And how repellent the predominant fleshliness of the whole drama!

In his latest work, *The New Inferno*,<sup>2</sup> there are hopeful intimations that Mr. Phillips may yet recover in some degree his early greatness. It is a connected and serious piece of work. There is encouragement in the fact that he seems to have been pondering, however inadequately, ethical and religious themes. The poem is written in the same solemn, slow-moving blank verse that has characterized all Mr. Phillips's longer poems,

<sup>1</sup> Macmillan & Co. 1910.

<sup>2</sup> John Lane & Co. 1910.

though at no time does it match the best work of his earlier days. Sometimes the fires of inspiration die down; more than once the line even deteriorates into plain prose. In the second canto the picture of the spectral Napoleon, marshalling his dead captains and armies in "a world of falling snow and glittering ice" that "reflects the cold splendor of his dreams," is thrillingly beautiful. In many passages there is noble, memorable imagery, and finely-modulated, rich-flowing verse; but never do his lines expand and palpitate in response to some inward prophetic vision, or some pained, passionate cry of inner conviction. *The New Inferno* does not convince the intellect—for in this poem Mr. Phillips speculates concerning the future life. Where his philosophy is not trite it is half fatalistic and half spiritualistic, and wholly unattractive. I will not dispute—surely no alert person will—that, whatever my condition after death, it will be

"Climate and atmosphere of my own soul;"  
that  
"The spirit its own scenery creates."

Nor are there many men of this generation who will demur from the statement that there is

"A worse hell than by the priests designed."

But not until we receive from behind the veil some word from the spirit of William James—picked phrase, James's every word (or a like message from some other departed spirit equally wise and credible)—is it likely that men and women will accept Mr. Phillips's ghoulish and repulsive doctrine that the unquenched lusts and appetites of men long dead shall enter into these mortal bodies of ours to coerce our wills and make lecherous and drunken victims of us.

"Some flaw o' the stuff" seems to preclude the supreme achievement which the poet's youth foreshadowed. The vessel was apparently too frail for the rich wine of life and song that was poured into it. But let us not yet affirm that the golden bowl is broken. After all, should we so much grieve for what is not, as take account of and anew enjoy what is? Limited a sit is, is not Mr. Phillips's actual and secure achievement sufficient

to gild the dying days of a great poetic century with a glory akin to that which Wordsworth and Coleridge threw across its morning hills? He has at least shown that the heritage of great song has not yet passed away from the English people. Has not the world of art been incalculably enriched with *Marpessa* and *Paola and Francesca*, *Herod*, and *The Sin of David*? He did "put on the glory" then. His reach equalled his grasp, and both reach and grasp were masterful.

It is my own seasoned conviction that *Paola and Francesca* is the most perfect product of Mr. Phillips's genius; and, that we may the better cheer ourselves with the assurance that the gift of poetry still lingers among us of the English tongue in undiminished splendor, and that we may at the same time encourage the poet from whom we have enjoyed and expected so much, I propose to submit this single production to a more formal appreciative test than I have been able to apply to any of his other works.

It was, to be sure, a daring thing for a young poet at the close of the nineteenth century to fix upon a story that had already wooed to its telling hands among the most cunning that ever fashioned sorrow into song. Nor was it less audacious to select as a vehicle of expression for this familiar tragedy a form of verse that would necessarily challenge comparison with some of the sweetest and stateliest poems in the language. But the passion of love is simple and primitive; it never grows old. It is never outworn. It is still fresh and sweet with the dew of Paradise, and will be new and potent so long as there are hearts impelled to love and hearts made to bleed and break. As to the choice of blank verse, Mr. Phillips was willing to dare humiliation; though he had so safely found and so securely maintained himself in the grave, melodious strains of *Christ in Hades* and *Marpessa* that he must have felt it safe to foot even the high altitudes that Shakespeare and Milton and Tennyson were wont to inhabit.

It is, indeed, a drama "wild with all regret." For moving power it deserves a place short only of the very great productions of its kind. One cannot help comparing parts of it with *Romeo and Juliet* and the most perfect passages in Tennyson's *Idylls of*

*the King.* The diction and phrasing of the poet at times give all but ultimate satisfaction. Only great poets are capable of frequent lines and images such as these:—

“The chime of mailed feet,”  
“The last sunset cry of wounded kings,”  
“That human ending to night wind,”  
“His kiss was on her lips ere she was born.”

But of course the real power of the poem resides in the intense passion that utters itself in such passages as those where the widowed and barren Lucrezia voices the woman's agonized cry of yearning for children and for love; where Francesca in guileless playfulness tests Paolo's armor to know if it be anywhere vulnerable, all the time sending through his unavailing armor of moral restraint shock after shock of delirious love to make “purple riot at his heart” and betray him finally to immortal peril; where the youthful pair move toward each other, drawn by an elemental passion that from the foundation of the world destined them for one another; and, finally, where the dark, intense Giovanni bows over the bier of the guilty young lovers, slain in the flower of their beauty by his hand who loved them best, and says:—

“Unwillingly  
They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now  
I kiss them on the forehead quietly.”

Such artistic handling of such emotions compels us to grant Mr. Phillips no mean place among the great poets whose function it has been through tragic representation to elevate and purify the mind with pity and fear.

The play is struck off with high fervor from beginning to end. From the first scene where Francesca in her fresh innocent beauty enters the gloomy hall of Malatesta, to the last, where, extended side by side on a single bier the lovers “look like children fast asleep,” the movement does not slacken; the emotional wave that has borne the reader steadily forward does not ebb. Once or twice only, where Marco and Mirva, Corrado and Tessa and Nita are introduced, is there any attempt to relieve the tension of interest and feeling by the interplay of lighter

passages. Here — while the author does not succeed very well when he thus sets aside the grave and impassioned manner that so well becomes him — he nevertheless makes skilful use of the artistic principle of contrast without disturbing the harmonious effect of the drama. The poem is rather a strong and graphic sketch than a painting in which perspective and background, color and outline combine to give the sense of solid reality. Shakespeare's dramas are perfect fragments torn from the canvas of life. They want neither light nor shade, neither grace nor substantiality. They are not thin and pale, but rich and full, so that after an attentive reading of one of his masterpieces one feels as if one had been submerged in a scene of actual life where there was no element of reality wanting. It is this lack of ability to lay in the low or neutral coloring of mean and humorous incident, side by side with the glowing hues of romance and heroism that compels us to assign to the dramas of Mr. Phillips a place far below that which critics by a universal verdict have given to the works of Shakespeare and his most gifted associates. In *Paola and Francesca* we do not perceive life in a multiplicity of relations; we do not feel a sense of its teeming and varied interests. But in depicting the more sombre and intense experiences of mankind — the concentrated love of an older for a younger brother, the insistent and jealous love of a mature woman who yearns for affection and motherhood, the sullen pride and power of the warrior who has formed the habit of victory, the heartbreak that comes to simple peasant maids who "love not wisely but too well," and the rapturous first love of ardent and generous youth — these primitive and common emotions the author treats with a passion, dignity, and restraint at once peculiar to himself and characteristic of all great poets and of all great art.

How high in the scale of poetic values to rank the emotions evoked by this tragedy it is not easy to say. Has it merely the charm of beauty and sensuous passion? Or does it arouse the imagination to nobler action, quicken and stimulate the moral life, and sound the note of parley from sunlit spiritual heights? Inherently, there is no reason why it might not have produced the highest emotional effects, yet it would be granting too

much to say that it has done this. The sentiments evoked are those of regret, compassion, awe; and one finds himself under the sway of just such feelings (as well as of others equally powerful) when he reads *Romola*, *The Scarlet Letter*, and the *Idylls of the King*. Yet I do not think that Mr. Phillips's work deserves to rank with these in emotional quality. In these productions there is an unobtrusive moral grandeur; a positive yet delicately artistic spiritual impulse, whereby beauty and truth are made to meet together, purity and art to kiss each other, and even sensuous passion induced somehow to clothe itself in the white radiance of righteousness. While there is never absent from Mr. Phillips's work that note of "high seriousness" that has come to be accepted as the requisite of all genuinely great literature, he lacks the ethical passion and the spiritual vision that distinguished the great Victorian poets.

No one will deny Mr. Phillips the title of poet. It would seem that in the initial and original gifts that go to the making of a poet, little was withheld from him. He has the poet's passion for beauty, the poet's vision, and in supreme measure the poet's power of expression. As much, almost, as Milton and Tennyson he has been nurtured in the atmosphere of beauty and poetry. He was born two miles from Oxford; his father, something of a poet himself, was, and still is, a canon of Peterborough Cathedral; his mother, by descent, claimed relationship with poets — with the poet Wordsworth, even — and she early communicated to the boy her own enthusiastic love of poetry. When he was a lad of fifteen at Arundel School he heard *Christabel* read; and from that moment he knew that he too was a poet, and he then began to write verse. While still young he came under the influence of Shelley and Keats and Tennyson. He told the writer how, as a boy at school, he would lie awake after he had gone to bed repeating aloud lines from Tennyson's *Morte d' Arthur* until the proctor would say: "Stop that, and go to sleep." He spent some months at Queen's College, Cambridge, but before the end of his first year joined the travelling company of Shakespearean players conducted by his cousin, Mr. Frank Benson. He remained with this company five or six years, playing Iago, Prospero, Brutus, the Ghost in

*Hamlet*, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Milton among English poets, and Vergil among Latin, exerted a dominating influence over him. It was under the stimulus of Milton's poetry that he began to acquire the technique that won such instant approval when revealed in *Christ in Hades*.

In these literary influences and preferences of his youth we have a clue to Mr. Phillips's lofty and individual style—particularly a hint that helps to account for the gravity, beauty, and elevation of his blank verse. He did not like the tumultuousness of Shakespeare and his associates. He has consciously cultivated the high and reserved style of Milton and Vergil. After the manner of the Greeks, he has sought to combine passion with restraint, to admit nothing extraneous, and to concentrate the passion and the action with severe singleness of purpose.

Whatever the shortcomings of Mr. Phillips as a poet, we may not say that they are due to unfortunate choice of subject-matter, or to inadequate knowledge of human nature. He knows human life; and, though for the most part he has chosen his themes from the past, and has been prone almost to the degree of morbidity toward the world of shame, or of shadows, yet he re-creates, humanizes, and poetizes whatever he sets his hand to. The doubt, and the pathos, and the mystery of life have made strong appeal to his imagination and his emotions; and he seems deeply imbued with a sense of the tragedy of weak and futile lives—lives unhappily nipped in the bud, or given over to cruel and hopeless shipwreck; yet he seems unprovided with any philosophy of life whereby weakness may be turned into strength, or redemptive goodness and power made to join hands with human folly and futility. One stanza of Wordsworth, or Tennyson, or Browning is worth all that he has ever written, by way of bracing men to do their duty or to meet their destiny. That he has seen with passionate sympathy and helpfulness into the lives of the poor, the ignorant, and the vicious, I am not at all sure. Nor am I sure that he takes account of the highest things as being of the highest moment. There is in all that he writes a strong fleshy tint. Not only are many of the epithets and images in his early poetry sensuous; they very frequently

appeal to the lower senses of smell, and taste, and touch; and in his two latest productions there is something too much of fleshliness.

What has deeply impressed the present writer, both in conversation with Mr. Phillips and in the reading of his poems, is a certain mental barrenness and inadequacy of moral aim. One gets the impression that Mr. Phillips's intellectual life is carried on from hand to mouth. He does not care for social and moral problems; he has no sharp interest in national or world concerns; no fixed habits of work or study; no connected philosophy of the universe; no passionate religious faith. The insistent moral and religious yearnings of the age seem scarcely to have invaded his heart or his thought. From anything that we can draw from his writings—except for the weak doctrine set forth in his latest book—he might as well have written in the time of Shakespeare, Milton, or Dryden, as at the close of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries. Indeed, it is in just this vital particular, I think, that those who have been waiting with an alert ear for a new voice to break the silence of the songless night that has of late settled down upon us have suffered the keenest disappointment. Many had hoped that this new singer was to catch up the spiritual strain of Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning—the last notes of which are still almost vocal—and bear it upwards in still nobler bursts of harmony. But this, it is to be feared, is a vain hope.

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## LEE BEFORE THE WAR

The Lees of Virginia are descended from Richard Lee, who came to this country in the early part of the seventeenth century. Richard's English affiliations have been the subject of much dispute. Early Virginia genealogists derived him from the ancient and honorable family of Shropshire Lees and thought they had identified him exactly. Grave difficulties were discovered in this connection and at one time the emigrant seemed likely to be transferred to the delightful kinship of Sir Harry Lee of Ditchley and Woodstock. But the authorities were still dissatisfied and have now apparently returned to the Shropshire origin, though Richard's precise position in that family is not easily determined.

On his mother's side Robert Lee, doubtless like some hundreds of thousands of others, is said to trace descent from King Robert Bruce.

Like many people who have ancestors, Lee displayed a considerable indifference to them. "General Lee had never the time or inclination to study genealogy, and always said he knew nothing beyond his first ancestor, Colonel Richard Lee, who migrated to America in the reign of Charles I." In having a seal cut he does indeed, with apology, show some interest about the arms, "which I have thought, perhaps foolishly enough, might as well be right as wrong." But when an enterprising genealogist undertakes a Lee book, the general's comment is: "I am very much obliged to Mr. —— for the trouble he has taken in relation to the Lee genealogy. I have no desire to have it published, and do not think it would afford sufficient interest beyond the immediate family to pay for the expense. I think the money had better be appropriated to relieve the poor."

Which does not mean that he was not daily and hourly conscious with pride that he belonged to the Virginia Lees, a name writ as large as any in the history of the country and transmitted to him with an honor which it was his constant care never to tarnish. From the first Richard down, the Lees had always been doing something useful and often something great, and they

were distinguished by the friendship as well as the admiration of Washington.

Robert Lee's father, Light Horse Harry, fought the revolutionary battles beside Washington and Greene. He was a fiery soldier and a more impetuous spirit than his son. He took a hot and eager part in politics and had warm friends and bitter enemies. In his last, lingering illness his colored nurse did something he did not like. He flung his boot at her. She flung it back and won his heart. It is a trivial incident but it is worth a chapter in differentiating the father from the son, who flung no boots and had none flung at him.

Harry Lee was a scholar and loved literature. He read Sophocles and Racine and the Greek philosophers and commented on them in letters far more spirited and delightful than any of Robert's. The father also wrote memoirs which the son edited. Partial admirers rate them with Caesar's. Jefferson, who hated Lee politically, says of them: "I am glad to see the romance of Lee removed from the shelf of history to that of fable. Some small portions of the transactions he relates were within my own knowledge; and of these I can say he has given more falsehood than fact."

Harry Lee was forty-nine years old in 1807 when Robert was born. The son was only eleven when his father died and during much of that time they had not been together. Therefore the paternal influence is not likely to have been very great. Nevertheless, Lee cherished his father's memory with deep reverence. When he was in South Carolina in 1861 he writes, "I had the gratification at length of visiting my father's grave." And Colonel Long describes the incident simply but impressively: "He went alone to the tomb, and after a few moments of silence, plucked a flower and slowly retraced his steps."

Lee's relations with his mother were much more intimate and prolonged. She appears to have been a woman of high character and to have taught her son practical as well as moral excellences. She was for many years an invalid and Robert took much of the care both of her and of the household, which may have been useful training in self-sacrifice, but must have cut him off somewhat from the natural outflow, the fresh, spontane-

ousness of boyish spirits. I think he showed the effect of this all his life.

Of his childish years we know little. He came so late to greatness that the usual crop of reminiscences does not seem to have been gathered. Perhaps he did not furnish good material for reminiscences. Who were his companions? Did he love them and they him? What were his hopes and ambitions? Was it to be said of him as was said of his father that "he seems to have come out of his mother's womb a soldier"? We get a rare glimpse of love for sports: "In later days General Lee has been heard to relate with enthusiasm how as a boy he had followed the hunt (not infrequently on foot) for hours over hill and valley without fatigue." Horses all his life were a delight to him. He himself wrote: "I know the pleasure of training a handsome horse. I enjoy it as much as anyone." A good observer wrote of him: "He loved horses, and had good ones, and rode carefully and safely, but I never liked his seat."

On exceptional occasions some touch of boyish memory breaks through habitual reserve. "'Twas seldom that he allowed his mind to wander to the days of his childhood and talk of his father and his early associates, but when he did he was far more charming than he thought," says Longstreet, with unusually delicate discrimination. Thus Lee writes, after the war, to a lady who had sent him photographs of Stratford, the grand old Virginia manor house where he was born: "Your picture vividly recalls scenes of my earliest recollections and happiest days. Though unseen for years, every feature of the house is familiar to me." And Miss Mason tells us that shortly before his death he visited Alexandria and "one of the old neighbors found him gazing wistfully over the palings of the garden in which he used to play." "I am looking," said he, "to see if the old snow-ball trees are still here. I should have been sorry to miss them." We know hardly more of Lee's education than of his childish adventures and amusements. When he was thirteen years old Jefferson wrote of Virginia generally: "What is her education now? Where is it? The little we have we import, like beggars, from other states; or import their beggars to bestow on us their miserable crumbs." But Jefferson was especially deplored the

lack of educational institutions. His democratic instincts could not put up with the traditions of a country where, down to the time of the Revolution, "newspapers and literature at large were a prescribed commodity," and whose governor, Sir William Berkeley, said: "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years." Young men in Lee's station doubtless received more or less solid instruction of the classical order. In 1811 the Lees removed to Alexandria with a special view to educating the children. Robert's first teacher was a Mr. Leary, who lived until after the war and to whom his pupil wrote, in 1866, with kindly remembrance: "I beg to express the gratitude I have felt all my life for the affectionate fidelity which characterized your teaching and conduct towards me." Later, in preparation for West Point, Lee, still in Alexandria, attended the school of Mr. Benjamin Hallowell, where his time was chiefly devoted to mathematics. Hallowell writes that "he was a most exemplary student in every respect," with other laudatory reminiscences which had probably lost nothing by the lapse of time and the growing celebrity of the subject of them.

In 1825, when he was eighteen years old, Lee entered West Point. There seems to be general, if rather indefinite, testimony to his excellent conduct and standing in the Academy. He was a good scholar and graduated high in his class, but I do not find many anecdotes from contemporaries that will help us to humanize his life there. His unquestioned temperance and self-control in moral matters appear doubly creditable, when we read the statements made by Colonel Thayer, Superintendent of West Point at that time, to President Adams as to the drunkenness and dissipation generally prevalent among the young men.

Lee graduated duly in 1829, immediately received an appointment in the engineer corps, and was stationed for some years at Old Point Comfort. During this time he was married at Arlington, in June, 1831, to Miss Custis, Mrs. Washington's great-granddaughter, and through her he later came into control of an extensive property, with farms, and mansions, and a multitude of slaves. Although we get little account of it, his early married life must have brought him largely into contact with all the

opulence and gaiety and grace of that old Virginia aristocracy whose faults and virtues Mr. Page has painted so winningly that the faults seem almost as attractive as the virtues. Brave, handsome, courtly men, pure, dainty, loving, high-minded women, danced and laughed away the time, as they did in the golden world. "For all its faults, it was, I believe, the purest, sweetest life ever lived," says Mr. Page. Then the Northerner turns to the cold, judicial pages of Olmsted and reads of these same chivalrous gentlemen that though "honorable, hospitable, and at the bottom of their hearts kind and charitable, they yet nursed a high, overweening sense of their importance and dignity." He reads other things in Olmsted, of a much darker and grimmer order, and cannot avoid the momentary reflection that the most graceful and charming society in the world danced and laughed in France also before the Revolution. Yet perhaps, after all, there are some ugly things that light hearts are dancing over to-day.

By temperament Lee had none of the vices of that vanishing world and perhaps not all its good qualities. I doubt if it ever impressed him very deeply, and his wandering military life soon withdrew him altogether from its influence. One reminiscence of this period — though only a reminiscence and no doubt colored by the event, as such usually are — has marked interest in its anticipation of what was to come. It is given by a relative. "I have often said since he entered on his brilliant career that, although we all admired him for his remarkable beauty and attractive manners, I did not see anything in him that prepared me for his so far outstripping all his compeers. The first time this idea presented itself to me was during one of my visits to Arlington after my marriage. We were all seated around the table at night, Robert reading. I looked up and my eye fell upon his face in perfect repose, and the thought at once passed through my mind: 'You certainly look more like a great man than anyone I have ever seen.' " If all those who look like great men to their female relatives had attained Lee's greatness, what a great world it would be. Yet this glimpse has a crisp definiteness which makes one unwilling to pass it over.

During the years preceding the Mexican War Lee followed his profession of military engineer in different parts of the country. Now he was in Washington, incidentally messing with Joe Johnston and others afterwards more or less notable. Now he was in Ohio adjusting the boundary between that state and Michigan; or in New York harbor, supervising the defences.

Perhaps the most important of his engineering labors were those at St. Louis, connected with governing and controlling the course of the Mississippi River. The interesting thing here is that at first he met with a good deal of opposition and abuse. He bore this with entire indifference, quietly going on with his work until his final success won the approval and admiration of those who had been most ready to find fault. It was the same indomitable perseverance without regard to criticism which he showed again and again during the war and which perhaps is most concretely illustrated in the humorous anecdote told of him in Mexico. He had been ordered to take some sailors and construct a battery to be manned by them afterwards. The sailors did not like to dig dirt, and swore. Even their captain remonstrated. His men were fighters, not moles. Lee simply showed his orders and persisted. When the firing began, the eager marines found their earthworks exceedingly comfortable. Their commander even apologized to Lee. "Captain, I suppose, after all, your works helped the boys a good deal. But the fact is, I never did like this land fighting — it ain't clean."

Lee's services during the Mexican War have perhaps been exaggerated by his admirers; but the direct evidence shows that they were signal and valuable. He began as captain, serving with General Wool at the battle of Buena Vista. He then joined General Scott and took part in the siege of Vera Cruz. He was brevetted major at Cerro Gordo; lieutenant-colonel at Contreras, and colonel at Chapultepec. At the latter place he was slightly wounded. And from the beginning to the end of the war he displayed energy, daring, and resource.

Various anecdotes are told of his personal achievements and adventures, of his scouting expedition with a Mexican guide before Buena Vista, when Lee's persistent reconnoissances of the

enemy's position turned a vast collection of white tents into a Quixotic flock of sheep, of his nocturnal and storm-beaten exploration of a craggy lava tract, called the Pedregal, where no other man durst venture and whence no one believed that he could return alive.

As to this last incident General Scott declared, in formal legal testimony: "I had despatched several staff officers who had, within the space of two hours, returned and reported to me that each had found it impracticable to penetrate far into the Pedrigal during the dark. . . . Captain Lee, having passed over the difficult ground by daylight, found it just possible to return to San Augustin in the dark, the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual, in my knowledge, pending the campaign." And General P. F. Smith testifies to the same effect: "I wish partially to record my admiration of the conduct of Captain Lee, of the engineers. His reconnoisances, though pushed far beyond the bounds of prudence, were conducted with so much skill that their fruits were of the utmost value — the soundness of his judgment and personal daring being equally conspicuous."

Scott also bore general and repeated witness to the value of Lee's labors and the excellence of his character. We have the commander's written praise of "the gallant and indefatigable Captain Lee," who was "as distinguished for felicitous execution as for science and daring." We have the more emphatic, if less reliable, reported sayings, that Scott's own success in Mexico was largely due to the skill, valor, and undaunted energy of Robert E. Lee, that "Lee is the greatest military genius in America," and that "if I were on my death bed to-morrow, and the President of the United States should tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, and asked my judgment as to the ability of a commander, I would say, with my dying breath, let it be Robert E. Lee." I find in *La Guerre de la Sécession en Amérique*, by E. Grasset (Vol. II, p. 59) a saying attributed to Scott, which I have not been able to trace to an American source, but which, if not a prophecy manufactured after the event, has a good deal of interest: "Défiez-vous de Lee quand il avance et de Johnston

lorsqu'il recule, car le diable lui-même se ferait battre, s'il les attaquait dans ces conditions."

Nor was Scott's praise of Lee wholly a matter of personal partiality, for the comment of other generals is equally laudatory. Lee's "distinguished merit and gallantry deserve the highest praise," says Pillow. Lee "in whose skill and judgment I had the utmost confidence," says Shields. "Equally daring and not less meritorious were the services of Captain Lee," says Pillow again.

I have dwelt thus minutely on these words of contemporaries, because they come from men who thought of Lee merely as a promising captain among other captains and did not look back at his dim past through the purple halo of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness.

With the Mexican War we enter more freely upon Lee's letters to his wife and children, which from that time form the best commentary on his life and character. He shows a keen appreciation of the beauty and richness of Mexican landscape: "Jalapa is the most beautiful country I have seen in Mexico, and will compare with any I have seen elsewhere. [Lee had travelled widely in his own country, but he never visited Europe.] I wish it was in the United States, and that I was located, with you and the children around me, in one of its rich, bright valleys. I can conceive nothing more beautiful in the way of landscape or mountain scenery. We ascended upwards of four thousand feet that morning, and whenever we looked back the rich valley was glittering in the morning sun and the light morning clouds flitted around us. On reaching the top, the valley appeared at intervals between the clouds which were below us, and high over all towered Orizaba, with its silver cap of snow."

He visits a sacred shrine and blends tropical color with the formal splendors of Catholic devotion: "The 'Trees of the Noche Triste,' so called from their blooming about the period of that event, are now in full bloom. The flower is a round ellipsoid, and of the most magnificent scarlet color I ever saw. I have two of them in my cup before me now. I wish I could send them to you. The holy image was standing on a large

silver maguey plant, with a rich crown on her head and an immense silver petticoat on. There were no votaries at her shrine, which was truly magnificent, but near the entrance of the church were the offerings of those whom she had relieved. They consist of representations in wax of the parts of the human body that she had cured of the diseases with which they had been affected. And I may say there were all parts. I saw many heads severed from the trunks. Whether they represented those whom she had restored I could not learn. It would be a difficult feat."

The references to politics in these letters are interesting because they show more vehemence and ardor of expression than, I think, Lee would have permitted himself in later years. Thus, he writes of the treatment of Trist by the administration: "I presume it is perfectly fair, having made use of his labors, and taken from him all that he had earned, that he should be kicked off as General Scott has been, whose skill and science, having crushed the enemy and conquered a peace, can now be dismissed, and turned out as an old horse to die." And, again in connection with Scott: "The great cause of our success was in our leader. It was his stout heart that cast us on the shore of Vera Cruz; his bold self-reliance that forced us through the pass at Cerro Gordo; his indomitable courage that, amidst all the doubts and difficulties that surrounded us at Puebla, pressed us forward to this capital, and finally brought us within its gates, while others, who croaked all the way from Brazos, and advised delay at Puebla, finding themselves at last, contrary to their expectations, comfortably quartered within the city, find fault with the way they came there."

Also as to the general question of the war, the captain of forty speaks out with greater frankness than we find in the letters of the Confederate commander of fifty-five. "It is rather late in the day to discuss the origin of the war; that ought to have been understood before we engaged in it. It may have been produced by the act of either party or the force of circumstances. Let the pedants in diplomacy determine. It is certain that we are the victors in a regular war, continued, if not brought on, by their obstinacy and ignorance, and they are

whipped in a manner of which women might be ashamed. We have the right, by the laws of war, of dictating the terms of peace and requiring indemnity for our losses and expenses. Rather than forego that right, except through a spirit of magnanimity to a crushed foe, I would fight them ten years, but I would be generous in exercising it."

After the Mexican War Lee resumed the routine life of his profession, sojourning in one part of the country or another as duty called. He was invited by the Cuban Junta to become their military leader; but he declined because he felt such a position to be hardly compatible with his training as an officer of the United States army. He was busied for some time with the construction of a fort in Baltimore. In 1852 he was made superintendent of the West Point Academy. His diffidence about accepting this position is extremely characteristic: "I learn with much regret the determination of the Secretary of War to assign me to that duty, and I fear I cannot realize his expectations in the management of an institution requiring more skill and more experience than I command."

I find little direct evidence as to Lee's life at West Point, but his biographer declares that it was in every way successful. "The discipline of the Academy was made more efficient, the course of study was extended to five years, and a spacious riding hall was constructed." Colonel Chesney makes similar statements from personal observation: "The writer visited West Point during the time of General Lee's charge and saw the institution very thoroughly, passing some days there. He is able, therefore, to testify to its completeness, and the efficiency of the courses of study and discipline — never more remarkable, he believes, than at that period." Captain Lee testifies to his father's kindness of manner and ready tact in making the raw students feel at ease and tells one anecdote which is perfectly characteristic. Lee was riding one day with his son, when they caught sight of three cadets who were evidently far out of bounds and who at once retired still further. After a few moments' silence, Lee said: "Did you know those young men? But no, if you did, don't say so. I wish boys would do what is right, it would be so much easier for all parties."

In 1855 Lee was appointed to a lieutenant-colonelcy in one of the newly created cavalry regiments and ceased his connection with West Point. From this time until the breaking out of the war his service was mainly in the southwestern states, while his family remained at Arlington.

Many of the letters written during these years have been printed. As letters they are not especially brilliant or remarkable. But they are interesting for the study of Lee, as showing his gentleness, his constant care and thought for others, and his shrewd and just observation of everything that was going on about him. Playful descriptions of scenes and people alternate with deeper feeling such as his expression of grief for a child over whose body he had been asked to read the funeral service. "I hope I shall not be called on again, for though I believe that it is far better for the child to be called by its Heavenly Creator into His presence in its purity and innocence, unpolluted by sin and uncontaminated by the vices of the world, still it so wrings a parent's heart with anguish that it is painful to see. Yet I know it was done in mercy to both — mercy to the child, mercy to the parents."

To his own children he writes with gaiety and grace. "Robert . . . has been prospecting about the neighborhood for cherry trees, and their bloom on the sides of the mountain delights his vision every moment. He revels at dinner in fried chicken and mush. An elegant school in his opinion." And again he passes to sober advice, useful, if not original: "As you have commenced, I hope you will continue never to exceed your means. It will save you much anxiety and mortification, and enable you to maintain your independence of character and feeling. It is easier to make our wishes conform to our means than our means conform to our wishes. In fact, we want but little. Our happiness depends upon our independence, the success of our operations, prosperity of our plans, health, contentment, and the esteem of our friends."

Then, suddenly, into a life thus organized for comparative peace and quiet, burst the thunderbolt of war. It had not of course been unexpected, to Lee any more than to anyone else. To him, more than perhaps to almost anyone else, because of

his position and temperament, it came full of burden and anguish, unillumined by hope. He trusts that President Buchanan "will be able to extinguish fanaticism North and South, cultivate love for the country and Union, and restore harmony between the different sections." As the prospect thickens, he finds confidence more difficult: "My little personal troubles sink into insignificance when I contemplate the condition of the country, and I feel as if I could easily lay down my life for its safety. But I also feel that it would bring but little good."

In October, 1859, Lee was on furlough at Arlington and it has always struck me as exceedingly dramatic, all things considered, that he should have been the officer ordered to arrest John Brown. It was not in Lee's nature to play up to a dramatic situation, however, and his conduct of the affair was as quiet, as businesslike, as free from sensational methods as such a thing could be. He made his preparations, called on Brown and his followers to surrender, gave the order to attack, attacked, and in a few moments all was over. His account in his memorandum-book is perfectly dry and quiet: "Tuesday about sunrise, with twelve marines under the command of Lieutenant Green, broke in the door of the engine-house, secured the robbers, and released all of the [Southern] prisoners unhurt." His testimony as to the whole affair before the Congressional Committee is in the same tone: "The result proves that the plan was the attempt of a fanatic or madman which could only end in failure; and its temporary success was owing to the panic and confusion he succeeded in creating by magnifying his numbers." Yet a mind so shrewd as Lee's must have had some suspicion that there were more fanatics and madmen in the North who might create panic and confusion beside which Brown's would sink into utter insignificance.

As we pause here for a moment, before entering on the sudden and astonishing glory of Lee's career, it will be well to form some conception of his physical qualities and personal appearance. The great doers of the world have not always been handsome or even imposing. Cæsar, when he triumphed, may have had dignity from habit of command, but there can have been little beauty in his lean caducity. Napoleon, in later years,

was fat and vulgar, for all the dominating power of his glance. It pleases us to think that Grant and Lincoln could look as they did and be what they were. Yet there is undeniably something appropriate, something satisfying, in the kingly stature and lineaments of Pericles and Washington. It cannot harm a royal soul to dwell within a royal body. And not Pericles nor Washington would seem in this to have been more royal than was Lee.

From the study of photographs I can get a more charming impression of his later years than of his earlier. The face and figure of the captain are eminently noble, high-bred, dignified; but with the dignity there is just a suggestion of haughtiness, of remoteness. Or do I see in the picture only what I imagine of the man? But in the bearded photographs of later years all trace of such remoteness has vanished. The dignity is more marked than ever, but all sweet. The ample, lordly carriage, the broad brow, the deep, significant, intelligent eyes convey nothing but the largest tenderness, the profoundest human sympathy, the most perfect love. And again, perhaps I see only what I imagine.

The record of actual observers is of more interest than any comment founded on portraits, since Captain Lee tells us that "My father could never bear to have his picture taken and there are no likenesses of him that really give his sweet expression." To begin with, Lee's was a thoroughly manly beauty and founded all his life on a magnificent physique. "From infancy to three score," says an opponent who loved and admired him, "he knew no physical malady [this is not strictly correct], and the admirable symmetry of his person and the manly beauty of his countenance were the aids to his virtues which secured to him tolerance, affection, and respect from all with whom he mingled. Even towards the close of the war, when he was nearly sixty, it was his habit, when the pressure was great, "to retire about ten or eleven at night, to rise at three A.M., breakfast by candlelight and return to the front, spending the entire day on the lines."

In his earlier life he is pictured by General Hunt as being "as fine-looking a man as one would wish to see, of perfect figure and strikingly handsome," and by General Meigs as "a man then

in the vigor of youthful strength, with a noble and commanding presence, and an admirable, graceful, and athletic figure." "He had," says Colonel Preston, "a finished form, delicate hands; was graceful in person." When he became superintendent at West Point he is described more minutely as "five feet eleven inches high, weighing 175 pounds, hair originally jet black and inclined to curl at the ends; eyes hazel brown, face cleanly shaved except a moustache; a countenance which beamed with gentleness and benevolence."

At the time of the war, when more years had passed over him, Wise portrays him as follows: "His form had fulness without any appearance of superfluous flesh, and was as erect as that of a cadet, without the slightest apparent constraint. His features are too well-known to need description, but no representation of General Lee which I have ever seen properly conveys the light and softness of his eye, the tenderness and intelligence of his mouth, or the indescribable refinement of his face. One picture gives him a meatiness about the nose; another, hard or coarse lines about the mouth; another, heaviness about the chin. None of them give the effect of his hair and beard. I have seen all the great men of our times except Mr. Lincoln and I have no hesitation in saying that Robert E. Lee was incomparably the greatest looking of them all." And Alexander H. Stephens, when he saw Lee for the first time and pressed upon him the question as to Virginia's joining the Confederacy, beheld a personage well worthy to make a great decision in a great cause. "As he stood there, fresh and ruddy as a David from the sheep-fold, in the prime of his manly beauty and the embodiment of a line of heroic and patriotic fathers and worthy mothers, it was thus I first saw Robert E. Lee. . . . I had before me the most manly and entire gentleman I ever saw."

How many men have we all met who seemed built to play heroic parts, yet did not and could not play them. It is well, perhaps, that such a part should occasionally be played by a man whom nature has moulded for it.

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## THE SIMPLE LIFE AS SHAKESPEARE VIEWED IT

"Yes, Stratford will help you to understand Shakespeare." I have just been loitering, with mingled feelings, over the very beautiful and tender description of the Shakespeare country, of which this is the concluding sentence, in Dr. Furnivall's last volume, *Shakespeare: Life and Work*. These pages bring back a flood of associations, for they call to mind a rare April day spent a few years since in and about Stratford with this great scholar and lover of his kind. As we walked through the village streets and rambled over the fields and by the river, the ineffable serenity of the village and the landscape seemed quite to possess his mind, and again and again he remarked, "How peaceful it all is; how peaceful!" I felt then the pathos of the mood, and I feel it doubly so now as I read this description of which "Peace" is the keynote. It was the pathetic longing of old age for that tranquillity of which life had allowed him all too little.

My own mood was naturally a very different one, and I ventured to remark that my thoughts kept insistently recurring to *As You Like It*, that I could not put the play out of mind. When I said this, all of Dr. Furnivall's old-time fire awoke, and he replied, "Ah! that is right; you are young, and that is what Stratford ought to say to you. Yes, *As You Like It* was Shakespeare's tribute to the scenes of his boyhood. Was it not like the great fellow he was, to show up that outlandish pastoral stuff by giving us the breath of these fragrant English meadows and woods, and by giving us real peasants in place of Lodge's silly puppets, and then to crown the play with Rosalind? For you know the very spirit of Warwickshire was metamorphosed into that sweet young girl. *As You Like It* is Warwickshire on the stage. Those London chaps had a lot to say about the simple life, but Shakespeare told them the real truth about it, and he did it by just bringing everybody right out here into the country."

It is as a study of false and true simplicity, as a satire on the one and an exposition of the other, that I invite consideration of

this charming play. It was probably in the year 1600, when he was at the very zenith of his achievement as a writer of comedies, that Shakespeare produced this sweetest and gentlest of his plays. The ninth year before had marked the beginning of his career as an independent dramatist with the writing of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and the ninth year thereafter was to mark its conclusion in *The Tempest*. Eight comedies had been produced in gay and frolicsome mood, and eight others, which, with the exception of *Twelfth Night*, were in soberer vein, yet remained to be written.

The play is based upon Lodge's *Rosalynde*, a novel written ten years before, which follows implicitly the artificial pastoral tradition borrowed from Italy and France. This tradition is concerned with the idyllic existence of shepherds and shepherdesses, who are inherently gentle, and who on pleasant lawns and under soft Arcadian skies, tend their flocks and follow the sweet impulses of love and youth. *Rosalynde* was itself preceded by Sidney's *Arcadia*, a work of great vogue, which, along with many lyrics circulated in manuscript, had firmly established this affected pastoral tradition. Opposed to this tradition was a sturdy native movement, which made for the poetical treatment of English rustic life in its own nature-setting, which preferred the wildwood, the fields and the streams of England to the green lawns, the rose-bowers, and the fountains of a fabled realm, and the actual English peasants, to Arcadian shepherds. Children of the North, descendants of the warriors of the German forests and of the sea-treading Vikings, the passion for simple and wild nature was in the English blood. Centuries before, it had found expression in such songs as *Summer is icumen in*, and *Blow, Northern Wind*, it had been cherished during all the intervening years in the songs of the people, and had come to the literary surface again in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, and in the lyrics of many lesser songsters. Shakespeare's sympathies were altogether with this latter tradition, a preference that he had shown in his very first comedy, in the ruddy song of spring and winter with which it closes. Born in the heart of rural England, familiar with the mirth-laden songs of May that echoed through every village street in the spring-

time, is it any wonder that he resented the artificial nature-cult brought from over seas!

*As You Like It* gives full expression to this preference. When one compares the play with the novel, and observes that the Forest of Arden has been changed into an English wood and country side, the idyllic shepherds either discomfited and ridiculed or replaced by ludicrous boors, and euphuistic ladies of Arcadie changed into actual women, who, quite undeceived, play at being shepherds with gentle roguishness, the comedy is seen to offer a gentle and playful satire upon the pastoral cult, in which the Arcadian tradition is stripped of its false assumption of simplicity.\*

The converse of this unmasking of pastoralism is the exposition of actual simplicity, in part through some of the characters furnished or suggested by the novel, in part through the addition of new characters altogether.

The shepherd group in *Rosalynde* consists of Coridon, Phoebe, and Montanus. Coridon is the traditional elderly shepherd, who reflects philosophically upon life, and administers wisdom and solace to the younger and more ardent swain. In the drama he is replaced by Corin, a clownish and muddy-headed boor. In order that the point of the satire may not be lost, Shakespeare is careful first to identify the character with its prototype, and introduces him in earnest converse with Silvus, the Montanus of the novel, who is confiding to his aged friend the extravagance of his passion:—

*Sil.* But if thy love were like to mine,—  
As sure I think did never man love so—  
How many actions most ridiculous  
Hadst thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

\* It should be observed that pastoral literature enjoyed the greatest vogue in England between 1589 and 1600, and that its decline after 1600 was very rapid. During this period, Jorge de Montemayor's *Diana Enamorada*, 'the most popular book in Europe,' was translated; three editions of Lodge's *Rosalynde*, four of Sidney's *Arcadia*, and two of Greene's *Menaphon* were published; at least eight pastoral dramas were produced; and a large number of pastoral lyrics were written, of which one hundred and sixty found their way into *England's Helicon*, published in 1600.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily !  
If thou rememberest not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not lov'd :  
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not lov'd :  
Or if thou hast not broke from company  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not lov'd.  
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

The transformation of the character is accomplished in the amusing dialogue with Touchstone, who takes a mischievous delight in exposing Corin's stupidity, and proves with a whirlwind of false logic that the aged shepherd, having never been at court, is damned. In the course of the conversation Corin is invited to assume the philosopher:—

*Touch.* Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

*Cor.* No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse  
at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means and con-  
tent is without three good friends ; that the property of rain  
is to wet and fire to burn ; that good pasture makes fat  
sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun ;  
that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may com-  
plain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher.

Upon this wise, says Shakespeare, is the philosophy of your real peasant, your untrained child of nature. After this scene the character is largely retired from the play, but, when he does appear, the bantering Touchstone is fast upon his heels.

In a similar vein, the chaste, Ovid-nurtured, euphuistic Phœbe and Montanus are changed into such country swain as the market day might bring to Stratford. Lodge's Phœbe is an adept at polite and elegant coquetry. She converses after this manner: "Wert thou [Montanus] as faire as Paris, as hardie as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as loving as Leander, Phœbe could not love, because she cannot love at all; and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus, I must flie with Daphne." Shakespeare has replaced her with a petulant and spoiled country belle, vain and self-deceived.

Silvius, again, is a most amusing rustic; he is ridiculously helpless in his passion, and so gullible that even Rosalind cannot refrain from playing false strings upon him.

A still more charming arraignment of pastoralism is the invention of the inimitable characters of William and Audrey, who, like Corin, are submitted to the tender mercies of Touchstone. It certainly was the refinement of satire that Audrey could not understand Touchstone's allusion to Ovid, the poet of shepherds, and that Touchstone should complain that "When a man's verses cannot be understood, or a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more deadly than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical."

The introduction of the character of Touchstone is highly ingenious, furnishing as it does a clever foil to the vagaries of other characters. At the very first introduction of the pastoral element, Touchstone assumes the rôle of its satirist, and Shakespeare therein gives the key to his own attitude. Silvius has been lamenting to Corin of the distress that he suffers, and this leads Rosalind to say:—

Alas! poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,  
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touchstone thereupon offers his testimony: "And I mine. I remember when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a'night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapt hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears: 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly." Further satire is directed against the pastoral laments, the lyric plaints of the love-lorn shepherds, which load the pages of the novel. Shakespeare cuts the number of these down to three and in each instance makes them the subject of ridicule. Even Orlando's verses do not escape; Touchstone, the official satirist, denominates them "the right butter-woman's rank to

market" and improvises a parody on them, and Rosalind herself is impartial enough to call them a "tedious homily of love."

Opposed to the shepherds is another group of forest residents, the exiled courtiers. Lodge kept the episode of the banished Duke in the background of his story, and only used it as a very incidental supplement to the main plot. Shakespeare brought this element into the foreground, and made it not only delightful in itself, but an artistic and essential part of the harmony of his theme. It is made to serve a double purpose. It introduces, by way of further contrast to the false nature tradition, the nature cult of the English folk, both as expressed in the Robin Hood legend and in the songs of Spring, and it also defines the spiritual function of nature with reference to human life.

The Robin Hood cult was itself a dream, but, as opposed to pastoralism, it was the sincere ideal of a simple folk, struggling for liberty. Just as hatred of sham was the very inspiring principle of the *Geste of Robin Hood*, and inculcated the love of honesty in the hearts of the people, so, properly enough, Shakespeare turned back to this tradition, dear to the English heart, to expose a literary sham as foreign as political inequality and injustice to the English spirit. Like this fabled hero, the banished Duke and his followers range the forest, fleeting the time carelessly as in the golden age. The chase of the deer, the table spread with simple fare, the pleasant hour of rest and converse beneath the trees, the night of untroubled sleep, meditation upon the open honesty of their simple life—such is the daily round. To this group are assigned the blithe and hearty songs of May, songs of the greenwood tree and of the lovers in the fields, that contrast with the affected pastoral lyrics.

The life of these temporary habitants of the forest also serves, as I say, to define the real value of intercourse with nature; namely, to act as a corrective of the artificialities and moral evils toward which civilization is ever tending. Consequently, to the Duke are given the beautiful verses beginning,—

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp?

in which the contrast between the elemental excellence of nature and the wrongs of mankind is elaborately defined. But when the Duke speaks after this fashion, he speaks as the trained and developed man, whom refinement has made capable of finding tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything. Moreover, though the Duke ends by saying "I would not change it," he returns to the court when circumstances allow, because there was the true field for his normal activities. The characters who speak intelligently of country life are from the city, and contrasted with the wisdom of the Duke is the clownish 'natural' philosophy of Corin.

Among the Duke's followers, is introduced, by way of contrast, one who has failed to learn the lesson either of man or nature, the misfit Jaques. He is the product of the evils of society, a man who has wandered to a far extreme from simplicity. Jaques is a man who has ransacked the world for novelty and amusement, and has indulged himself until our ordinary appetites and attachments have palled upon him. Consequently, all strong and earnest feeling irritates him, and he is thus equally annoyed by the heartiness of the Duke and his friends, and by Orlando's ardent love. He has often found courtesy to be merely formal and has thence made the deduction that it is always insincere—a deduction well accommodated to his self-indulgence and laziness—and has therefore elected to be rude. He has so exhausted the resources for selfish gratification that only novelty of a most unusual character can animate him. Such stimulus he finds for a short time in the forest life; such stimulus he discovers in Touchstone, wisdom wedded to novelty; and such stimulus he again seeks when, in the closing lines of the play, he turns to the untried life of the monastery. And yet, though he is on the high road to becoming so, Jaques is not altogether out of sorts with existence, as Victor Hugo thinks, not altogether world-weary. He is saved by his melancholy, of which he is still enamoured, and upon which he feeds with a relish. This yet gives zest to life, and stands between him and despair.

A still more exaggerated product of society is the civet-laden

LeBeau, who is early introduced into the play to show how far social man may fall from his estate. LeBeau never thinks, but, like Osric, skips hither and yon, a water-fly. He does not even know that life offers a problem.— If simplicity is not synonymous with rusticity, no more is it synonymous with society.

The constructive exposition of simplicity is best embodied in the character of Rosalind. The Rosalynde of the novel has something of the delicacy and playfulness of Shakespeare's heroine, but, even so, the Rosalynde-Alinda-Rosader group are only slightly differentiated from the actual shepherds. Rosalynde and Phœbe are both ladies of the court, masquerading in shepherd garb. Shakespeare heightens the characters of Rosalind, Celia, and Orlando as much as he unidealizes the peasants, so that a sharp contrast is secured. The character of Rosalind is developed with great care and with very evident enthusiasm, and quite dominates the play. The character of Celia, instead of offering contrast, as is Shakespeare's usual custom, is a subdued expression of the same type, and the character of Orlando, not to divert interest, is kept quite conventional. This melody, thought Shakespeare, called for an oaten reed, not opposing instruments.

The charm of Rosalind clearly lies in her simplicity, and the test and measure of her simplicity is her adjustment to life, to which she adapts herself with a certain infallible sureness and felicity. This adaptability is the result of a happy balance of mind and heart: her intellect is keen and her emotions sensitive, and she therefore understands people, and understands life.

So well balanced is her nature that her emotions never run away with her judgment. Even when her irate uncle bursts upon her with eyes full of anger to demand that she despatch herself with her safest haste, though she at once appreciates her situation, she argues the injustice of the act with judicial coolness. In only one situation is her repose shaken, and her effort to accomplish the novel adjustment, to regain her customary poise, forms a most delightful situation. It is the discovery that she is in love. Shakespeare has handled many another love awakening with felicity, the love of Juliet, of Beatrice, of

Miranda, but nowhere else is there such artistic modulation, such sweet distresses happily resolved.

Rosalind's keen insight into character enables her to form an instinctive just estimate of every one. She falls in love at first sight, but her love is not blind. Jaques she interprets from the very first words that he utters, and she will neither foster his melancholy nor, as do others, undertake the fruitless task of correcting it; she simply exposes in one sentence the folly of his way of living, and leaves him to his own shabbiness, surprised, humiliated, discomfited, his broken hobby-horse dangling at his heels. Rosalind is thrown into contact with varied kinds of people, this ardent lover and this ennui-taxed, self-absorbed misanthrope, an unjust uncle, an affectionate cousin, a perfumed courtier, a mirthful jester, an exiled parent, and she adapts herself to all with plastic certainty.

Nor is Rosalind less acute when it comes to interpreting herself. She has no self-deceptions, and she can judge her own conduct with the same impartiality that she judges that of others. Consequently, when she is so far in love that an inch more of delay would be a south sea of discovery, she can yet get our point of view and laugh with us at the extravagance of her passion. In this amusement at her own conduct, even when so sweetly distraught with love, is added the last touch to her irresistibleness. Her modesty is much more than the conventional modesty of good society. It is the modesty of an unbiased judgment and a generous nature, quick to note the excellences of others.

Gay and irresponsible as she usually appears, Rosalind is a philosopher, and all her acts may be referred to a unified, although possibly unconscious, theory of life. For the most part, this theory has to be deduced from her conduct, but on one occasion it is almost committed to language,—in the scene where she has her little brush with Jaques. Jaques has been telling her the tale of his melancholy, defining it with complacent gratification, and concludes: "It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination warps me in a most humorous sadness."

And then to Rosalind's reflection that he had nothing as a result of his travels, he rejoins, "Yes, I have gained my experience," whereupon Rosalind retorts: "And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad, and to travel for it, too." Beneath this veil of bantering is a serious philosophy, a belief that life is a good and desirable thing, and that somehow circumstances and experience must yield happiness. To make the best of everything, to be happy and to give happiness, this is her notion of life.

In part an outgrowth of this philosophy, in part an expression of pure physical exuberance, is her playfulness, the most engaging of her qualities. This endearing playfulness of Rosalind's, so sparkling and airy, so facile and lithe, so piquant, yet so caressing, is to no small degree an instinctive effort to preserve true poise, a sure sense of the values of life. It is the attitude so often to be met in people who are really simple. Rosalind is not indifferent to the sober aspects of life, she is sensitive to its gravity, but she softens and lightens its experiences by holding them up for the sunlight to play upon them, and relieves the ordinary relations of the work-a-day world of their dulness and commonplaceness by a hovering gaiety. Rosalind is therefore playful not merely in the scenes where the presence of Orlando rouses her enthusiasm and stimulates her exuberant fancy to a thousand graceful vagaries, but even in those scenes where she is suffering mental or physical distress. So, in the scene at the court, where she is lamenting her father's banishment, in response to Celia's "Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry," she replies, halfway between tears and laughter, "From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see: what think you of falling in love?" And likewise at the weary entrance to the forest she tries to forget her own fatigue and to relieve the weariness of Celia by playful gallantry: "I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman;—but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat."

In the love scenes themselves this sportiveness not only gives character and color to the match-making, but is an avenue of escape from undue emotion, a happy relief to surcharged feel-

ing. It is, as it were, dictated by a refined impulse for self-preservation. Contrast this happy threading of the troubrous waters of love with that of the passion-tossed Sylvius and Phœbe! Rosalind has a sure sense which tells her when to trifle and when to be serious, and her playfulness is always timely and graceful, as her seriousness is always effective.

There can be no question, I think, that Shakespeare took a lively satisfaction in developing this character, for it is his most elaborate portrayal of a type that he had been experimenting upon from the very beginning,—the young woman of frank, girlish spirits, fun-loving, but always playful and gentle in her fun, resourceful, self-possessed, and mature in judgment.

The type is first suggested in the Rosalynde of *Love's Labour's Lost*. This play is, as it were, a little overture to the earlier comedies, for many situations and characters of the later plays are here suggested. Just as the sharp-tongued Katherine represents a type that finds its ultimate and most careful expression in the Beatrice of *Much Ado About Nothing*, and just as the full-blooded, prancing Biron, turning everything that his eye doth catch to a mirth-moving jest, represents a type that is reproduced in Mercutio and Gratiano, and that finds its complete exponent in Benedick, so the Rosalynde type finds its culmination in Rosalind.

It is to be met in the Julia of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, who has the same gentle playfulness combined with force, the balance of mind and heart, so conspicuous in Rosalind, and certainly to be met in the Portia of *The Merchant of Venice*, where it is given more prominence than in the preceding plays. Portia is usually interpreted as rather masculine, more contained than Rosalind, and less girlish, but the difference principally resides in the environments and the contrasting rôles to be played. A judge's gown and a shepherd's cloak imply quite a difference in deportment, one calling for an assumption of dignity, the other inviting roguishness and unconventionality. There are, to be sure, certain minor differences between Portia and Rosalind, but they are mainly such as are incidental to the experimenting in which, I believe, Shakespeare was engaged. Portia's playfulness, her equability, her self-assurance, her

understanding of people and of life, her youthfulness and zest for living, are all characteristics of the type.

Despite the satisfaction that Shakespeare must have felt in the creation and development of such characters as Julia and Portia, I believe that he had not yet hit upon the situation that allowed the most sympathetic delineation of the type. Julia's situation made the character appear somewhat too pathetic, and Portia's a trifle too staid and masculine. Not until he essayed *As You Like It* did Shakespeare find an ideal situation. But having found it, he gave full play to his fancy, allowed the character to dominate the play, and displayed it in a succession of brilliant scenes, presenting one aspect of the character after another with true artistic delight;—a sweet young girl, just at the meeting of youth and womanhood, playful, tender, ardent in spirit, wise in judgment, in the finest sense simple.

*As You Like It* is, then, in one aspect a gentle satire upon pastoralism, and in another a definition of the real spiritual worth of woods and fields to man, but in its most comprehensive aspect it is an exposition of simplicity. This is not synonymous with an undeveloped society, but consists in a proper adjustment to life. It demands an equipoise of mind and heart, and the working knowledge that happiness attends upon goodness.

Men in all ages have reflected upon the simple life, but who to better effect than our sweet bard of Avon!

FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD.

Seattle, Washington.

## SOCIALISM

Socialism is variously defined. Hyndman, an English socialist, calls it "an endeavor to substitute for the anarchical struggle or fight for existence, an organized co-operation for existence." Bradlaugh says: "Socialism denies individual private property and affirms that Society, organized as the State, should own all wealth, direct all labor and compel the equal distribution of all produce." John Stuart Mill says: "Socialism is any system which requires that the land and the instruments of production should be the property not of individuals but of communities, or associations, or of the Government." Proudhon calls it: "Every aspiration towards the amelioration of society." Of the later writers Robert Flint (1895) says: "Socialism is any theory of social organization which sacrifices the legitimate liberties of individuals to the will or interests of the community." He further adds: "No definition of Socialism at once true and precise has ever been given, or ever will be given. For Socialism is essentially indefinite, indeterminate. It is a tendency and movement towards an extreme. It may be very great or very small; it may manifest itself in the most diverse social and historical connections; it may assume and has assumed a multitude of forms. It may show itself merely in slight interferences with the liberties of very small classes of individuals; or it may demand that no individual shall be allowed to be a capitalist or a proprietor, a drawer of interest or a taker of rent; or be entitled even to have a wife or children to himself. . . . Socialism is the exaggeration of the rights and claims of society just as Individualism is the exaggeration of the rights and claims of individuals. The latter system rests on excessive or exclusive faith in individual independence; the former system rests on excessive or exclusive faith in social authority. The truth lies between them, yet is larger than either. The true doctrine of society must include the truth while excluding the error both of Individualism and of Socialism."

The term Socialism is somewhat over sixty years old. It is

not yet determined whether it was created by Owen, a celebrated English Communist, by Pierre Leroux, the author of a system known as "Humanitarianism," or by Louis Reybaud, the latter being a severe critic of the doctrine. The doctrine itself, however, is older. The pre-Revolution theories of Rousseau, Meslin, Morelly, Mably, and Babeuf paved the way for the accepted Socialistic idea.

It is generally conceded that St. Simon, who died in 1825, and Fourier, who died in 1837, were the true founders of Socialism. These, with Louis Blanc, Proudhon, and other French thinkers, familiarized Europe with the doctrine, though for some time its activity was confined to France. It is interesting now to note, however, that notwithstanding the fiery unrest of the French character, as evidenced in 1789 and 1848, France is exceedingly moderate in her Socialistic tendencies.

The greatest strides in the exploitation of the doctrine have probably been made in Germany, and it has produced a very great impression upon the politics of the Empire as it exists today, although recent defeats of the Socialist party would seem to indicate that its importance as a political factor is on the wane. It is questionable whether the present leaders of Socialism in Germany represent the pure Socialistic idea. They are not so radical in their views as to property, labor, capital, profit, and interest, but they believe in the protectionism of paternal government, political reforms, fair rents, State aid, and State intervention. This school of thought has had here more skilful leaders and a better organization than elsewhere. Then too it has drawn from great thinkers such as Rodbertus, Winkelblech, Marx, Lassalle, Schäffle, and others, who have imparted to it an apparent scientific dress and regularity.

In London, of late years, Socialism has gathered some force, but it is questionable whether it will become a fixed factor there. In the United States the peculiar conditions of the country have produced great private concentration of wealth, and for years the popular sentiment has been growing along Socialistic lines.

Passing on to a consideration of the doctrinal divisions of Socialism we find that there are two: viz., Communism and

Collectivism. Communism teaches the complete merging of the individual in the society to which he belongs. There is no private ownership whatever. The implements and the results of work are owned in common and distribution is on a basis of perfect and unvarying equality.

It is an idea which has been represented in the United States, but where it has proved successful, industrially and economically, the membership has been small and the discipline has been strict. The Society of Shakers founded by Ann Lee is an illustration of a Communistic settlement which has flourished. Brook Farm, which suggested to Hawthorne a stage environment for his *Blithedale Romance*, was a failure. W. D. Howells treats of this phase of Socialism in his *A Traveller from Altruria* and makes the "traveller," Homos, give a very good idea of the conditions in Altruria in these words: "Each dwelt in the place assigned him, which was no better and no worse than any other; and, after he had given his three hours a day to the obligatory labors, he had a right to his share of food, light, heat, and raiment; the voluntary labors, to which he gave much time or little brought him no increase of those necessaries but only credit and affection. . . . No man owed anything, but everyman had the right to anything that he could use; when he could not use it, his right lapsed. With the expropriation of the individual, the whole vast catalogue of crimes against property shrank to nothing."

Collectivism is the scientific adaptation of Communism. It prescribes the paternity and intervention of the State; public organization of the labor of all on the basis of collective ownership of all the working materials of social labor: viz., land, factories, machines, tools, etc., and distribution of the collective output of all kinds of manufacture in proportion to the value and amount of the work done by each worker.

Karl Marx is credited with being the founder of this particular and popular form of Socialism, and he has certainly imparted to it whatever scientific importance it may have. He exalts the importance of manual labor as the sole source of value, and would reward the purely intellectual results of the thinker and contriver simply in proportion to the time spent by him in

work useful to the community. Indeed, he conceives that the value of all work should be estimated according to the quality of socially necessary labor expended; or, in equivalent terms, according to the time which must be on the average occupied in the employment. Capital he views as the result of the production of labor and not as a factor in it. Accumulated property in the hands of capitalists is unearned, and properly belongs to the laborer, having been virtually wrenched from him by oppression and poor wages. He holds that where there is an increase of production and a corresponding accumulation of capital there will be a tendency greatly to the disadvantage, slavery, and misery of the operative classes.

St. Simon's idea is founded upon diversity of occupation and unequal division. He would have a directing authority who should assign to each his position and function, and remuneration should be by salary which should vary in accordance with the importance with which the authority might vest the position and function, and also in accordance with the merits of the person filling it. The constitution of the ruling body might be appointed by popular suffrage. The original authors conceived the rulers to be persons of genius and virtue, who were calculated to produce social cohesion by the force of mental superiority. Fourierism considered it quite consistent with the main object of its being that private property and the element of inheritance be acknowledged. It holds capital, as well as labor, to be an important element in the distribution of produce. The idea is that industries should be carried on by associations of about two thousand members. These should combine their labor on a district of about a square league in extent, and should be guided and governed by chiefs selected by themselves. In the scheme of distribution a certain portion is first assigned for the support of every member of the community whether capable or incapable of labor. Labor, capital, and talent determine the proportions in which the remainder of the produce is to be divided.

The capital of the community may be distributed in unequal shares among the different members and they, in this case, would receive proportional dividends. The proportion of pro-

duce due each person on the score of talent is estimated by the grade or rank which he or she fills in one or the other of the various groups of laborers in the community. The remuneration received must not necessarily be devoted to the common needs, and no other community of living is expected than that all the members of the association should live in the same pile of buildings. In speaking of Fourierism, Mill says, "This system, unlike Communism, does not, in theory at least, withdraw any of the motives to exertion which exist in the present state of society."

During the past twenty-five years, it must be conceded that the views of Henry George, which are fashioned very much after the school of Karl Marx, have had great weight in the development of Socialistic tendencies, particularly in the United States. They grew little by little in influence, until, at the time of his death, a few years ago, George was a positive force to be reckoned with. Now, however, it is doubtful whether his ideas are endorsed in their entirety to the extent that they then were.

He, too, apotheosizes labor. Land, he says, is the great source of production and the laborer is the great producer. The fruits of the laborer should go to him, and the only legitimate meaning of capital, he maintains, is that part of the earnings of labor properly withheld in order that it should return to the laborer in such mechanical devices as may assist his power and volume of production. The private ownership of land he condemns as being inimical to the rights and opportunities justly belonging to labor, as it causes a series of speculative values and reduces the power over this great source of wealth to a basis of gross inequality. He suggests that all taxation should be compressed into one single tax, and that this tax should comprehend, in any given case, the rental value of the land. He believes that this is preferable to taking the land summarily out of the hands of its owners and making it common property, or to placing upon the State the burden of purchasing it for this purpose. At the same time he makes it clear that he fully agrees with Herbert Spencer's theory that there is no such thing as private property in land.

Under George's idea, the holder of the title would be reduced to a qualified property in his land. He could live in his house, or he could operate his factory, but he would not be entitled to receive land profit, or rent. The State would be the real owner and could take his property from him at any time that he might default in the payment of the appointed tax. The argument is that the source of speculation being taken away from land: viz., its return as an investment,—its value as a commodity would be destroyed, and a gradual surrender of individual holdings, especially those that were unimproved, would result. Thus, in this indirect way, the State would gain possession and be able to parcel out the land in a fashion which would give opportunity and scope to labor.

The fatal defect in Socialism is that it entirely misconceives man and his relation to Society. The great fundamental human instincts are those of freedom and possession. The very essence of life, down to the minutest details of it, consists of a sense of freedom and a desire to use it to possess some object or trait. The regulation of these instincts is in proportion as the individual is endowed intellectually and morally. This endowment, in turn, is largely a product of environment. The instincts of possession and freedom are controlled primarily by the mind, and the mind responding to the moral instincts produces character. The process by which character is developed and emphasized in human action is individuality.

Social inequality is a natural and uncontrovertible principle, and whatever is done to advance social conditions must be done with this principle as an underlying motive. Individuality cannot be destroyed, and, as John Stuart Mill says, no social system can live without the controlling element of liberty in thought and action. The settlement of the whole question of social unrest lies in the development of the individual. Legislation is really important only when it represents a growth of popular sentiment which will find its expression in obedience and not in evasion. Laws must mean something more than political schemes or sporadic efforts to reform. They must emanate from a condition in which possession will be regarded not entirely

from a personal but also from a relative standpoint; in which men will be guided more by a sense of responsibility and brotherhood to each other; in which honor, integrity, and justice will be looked upon as essential features in the battle of life; in which speculation will be eliminated from the creation of values, and these will be fixed in accordance with true economic rules; in which every man will be encouraged to do his best and to bring out to the greatest degree the capacity that is in him.

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## MADAME DE STAËL'S ATTITUDE TOWARD NATURE

Literary critics have made much capital of the following utterances of Madame de Staël: "Si ce n'était pas le respect humain, je n'ouvrirais pas ma fenêtre pour voir la baie de Naples pour la première fois, tandis que je ferais cinq cents lieux pour aller causer avec un homme d'esprit que je ne connais pas." These words quoted for the first time by Sainte Beuve<sup>1</sup> as evidence that the enjoyment of natural scenery was not necessary to Madame de Staël, have since been repeatedly adduced as sufficient proof that she was incapable of either appreciating or interpreting nature. Gustave Lanson<sup>2</sup> makes them the effective culmination of his contention that Madame de Staël did not possess the nature-sense; Lady Blennerhasset<sup>3</sup> finds in them the confirmation of her theory that the quiet contemplation of nature paralysed Madame de Staël's conversational talents; and Albert Sorel<sup>4</sup> considers them far more representative of her real sentiments than the appreciative words put in the mouth of Corinne: "On voit la mer et le Vesuve et l'on oublie tout ce qu'on sait des hommes." In addition to these instances I have heard in two continental lecture-rooms Madame de Staël's attitude toward nature summarily dismissed with the citation of an arbitrary variation of this hackneyed phrase. Now if this were the only occasion upon which Madame de Staël expressed her opinion of the bay of Naples, it would be just to cite these words in accusation, but when there exists abundant evidence to show that she was often in full sympathy with nature, it would seem that some remonstrance should be made against their repeated use. They lose, for example, much of their effectiveness when compared with the following extracts from a letter to the Italian poet Monti (Feb. 23, 1800): "What a sight is Vesuvius with its waves of fire, challenging as it were comparison with those so near and

<sup>1</sup> *Critiques et Portraits*, 1835.

<sup>2</sup> *Histoire de la littérature française*, p. 866.

<sup>3</sup> *Madame de Staël*, Vol. II, p. 508.

<sup>4</sup> *Madame de Staël*, p. 116.

yet so different. This continual fire seen for the first time, this vivid nature, these citron and orange trees, with their fruit rolling in the streets, speak of that carelessness which is consequent on plenty." . . . "I have had only four great pleasures in Italy, to have heard you and to have seen St. Peter's, the sea and Vesuvius." If we submit as further evidence the important rôle played by the description and interpretation of the Neapolitan landscape in the novel *Corinne* and the *Epître sur Naples* in which Madame de Staël depicts with poetic warmth and enthusiasm the attractions of "ces lieux fortunés," there will be little room for doubt that she herself succumbed to these irresistible charms.

The question will be asked how did Madame de Staël come to express such contradictory opinions of the bay of Naples? The answer will be found, I believe, by examining more carefully the circumstances under which this and similar assertions were made. Upon one occasion, when the beauties of Mont Blanc were being pointed out to her by an enthusiastic observer, she exclaimed, "O, for the gutter in the rue du Bac." (Madame de Staël lived, before her exile, in rue de Grenelle Saint Germain near the rue du Bac.) No one would think of interpreting these words literally and concluding that she actually preferred the 'gutter' to the stupendous grandeur of Mont Blanc. What she did in this case as in many others was to avail herself of the effective rhetorical device of antithesis to emphasize the fact that she preferred Paris to Geneva, that she felt the need of society, of intellectual stimulus, and, above all, of the opportunity to *causer* in her beloved Paris. We must never lose sight of the fact that Madame de Staël's residence in Switzerland was forced upon her by the First Consul, who deprived her of the precious privilege of living at Paris, and kept her mind in a state of continual anxiety and fear of worse to come. This obligatory sojourn in Switzerland with its consequent mental agitation must have embittered a contemplation of nature which under normal conditions would have been perfectly enjoyable.

I do not wish to question the truth of the assertion that Madame de Staël preferred conversation to the quiet observation of nature. The perusal of half a dozen pages of the autobi-

graphical work, *Dix années d'exil*, would suffice to corroborate this view. She says, for example, "I do not try to conceal the fact that living at Paris is the most agreeable of all." She was born there, she lived there during her childhood and youth, she could find there those intimate friends with whom she had shared the perils of the revolution. Of greater significance is the following utterance: "French conversation exists only at Paris, and since childhood, conversation has been my greatest pleasure." Literary critics have been too prone to turn into ridicule this talent and passion for conversation. Carlyle,<sup>5</sup> for example, humorously describes Madame de Staël as swooping down upon unsuspecting Weimar, of luring Goethe and Schiller from their quiet retreat and dazzling them with the sallies and flashes of her brilliant intellect. Whatever element of humor this and similar interviews may contain, we must not forget that in Madame de Staël's case the word *causer* has a far nobler meaning than is generally implied by this word. It is not the small talk and *bavardage* of modern society, but rather conversation in the Platonic sense, engendered in an intense desire to acquire and impart knowledge on all literary, political, and philosophical questions of the day. Madame de Staël was the first modern to raise conversation to the sphere of Art. Corinne has been called Madame de Staël transfigured, and if this is true then Corinne's poetical improvisations at the Capital before a notable assemblage of Italian *lumières* are but the idealization of the conversations in Madame de Staël's salon at Paris which was frequented by the intellectual coryphaei of the age. If we keep in mind this exalted significance of the word *causer* and at the same time recall that Madame de Staël counted among her friends such illustrious names as Talleyrand, Constant, Grimm, Villers, W. von Humboldt, Lafayette, and Lucien Bonaparte, we can readily see how she would be induced to say that she would leave the view of the bay of Naples to converse with an *homme d'esprit*.

The above considerations suggest the thought that injustice may have been done Madame de Staël by over-emphasizing

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<sup>5</sup> *Fraser's Magazine*, Vol. V, p. 171.

isolated remarks which upon closer examination lose much of pungency. It is the purpose of this article to correct this injustice and to determine with precision Madame de Staël's attitude toward nature. This will be done by examining her works in chronological order and reconstructing from her own registered utterances her philosophy of nature. The writer hopes to be able to establish the fact that her attitude was not one of passive indifference but of positive interest, that she was capable of appreciating nature although she did not reproduce it to any great extent, and that especially in her later works she shows signs of being gifted with that higher interpretive faculty which is as akin to genius as the pictorial decorative treatment exemplified by the luxuriant but often misleading word-pictures of a Chateaubriand.

Madame de Staël's first work, published in 1788, was a collection of *Lettres sur Jean Jacques*, a dithyrambic eulogy in prose of the source of her own inspiration. We see immediately that her chief interest was not in Rousseau, the apostle of the "return to nature." Her intellect was too keen not to see the fallacies of his paradoxical position on this question. She was attracted by the political theories of the *Contrat social*, by the educational theories of *Emile*, and by the moral and social questions of *Héloïse*. Although her interest in Rousseau's nature description is secondary, she is by no means insensible to the influence of nature upon Julie, "who is disposed by it to all the noblest sentiments of the heart." She finds the setting in Switzerland happily chosen, because nature is there in perfect harmony with the great passions. With sure critical discernment she perceives that Rousseau's treatment of nature is entirely new and genuine, far superior to the idylls of Gessner, "ces prairies émaillées de fleurs, ces berceaux entrelacés de fleurs." She confesses that her own heart would be more deeply stirred, that it would be more inclined to love in the primeval forest, among towering cliffs, and rushing torrents, than in the enchanted fields of Gessner, "as insipid as the shepherds with which they are peopled." She describes Rousseau's interest in botany as a manner of interesting oneself in detail in the country. She points out the fact that he dis-

tinguished plants by their form rather than by their properties, considering it debasing to observe them with reference to their utility to mankind. While Rousseau's æsthetic sense did not permit him to associate a tree or flower with the thought of human ills and infirmities, Madame de Staël's philosophical sense prompted her to examine all natural phenomena with a view to their teleological significance.

Madame de Staël's first essay in fiction was a collection of short stories, written about 1786, but not published until 1795. She herself says of them that their only merit lies in the depiction of certain sentiments of the heart. They are in fact pathological studies of diseased hearts rather than psychological studies of sane minds. Mirza typifies the all-consuming passion of an unselfish woman for a thankless lover who eventually deserts her; Theodore, the fatal love of a hypersensitive and hyper-jealous husband, who sees in his wife's increasing interest in social pleasure a diminution in her affection for him. Although the intense and engrossing passion of the heroes and heroines of these sketches makes them little susceptible to the consoling and soothing influence of nature, references to nature are not entirely lacking. At sunset, when nature assumes its garb of mourning, and the universal silence renders one's thoughts almost audible, Ximeo prostrates himself on Mirza's tomb and realizes for the first time the full extent of his misfortune. Adelaide is disposed to revery by a beautiful landscape and no pleasure gladdens her heart as does the sweet melancholy inspired by nature's charms. Theodore, thinking to perceive a change in Adelaide's affection, would betake himself to a mountain-top, where in the presence of the sky and the earth he could reflect upon human destiny and the possibility of ending his own existence. In *Zulma*, the scene of which is laid on the banks of the Orinoco, we look in vain for description of the luxuriant vegetation of a tropical clime. This is precluded by the very purpose of the story, an attempt to depict intense suffering caused by disappointed love in a person possessing both elemental passions and a cultured mind. Madame de Staël believed that the possession of a highly developed faculty of reason did not detract from the capability for intense

suffering. This theory, borne out by her own psychological make-up, she developed later in the character of Corinne. In *Zulma* everything irrelevant is omitted and we listen to the narration of the events which induced Zulma to murder her faithless lover. The only part played by nature in the entire incident is the setting for the interviews between Zulma and her lover. For the purpose of interrogating him, she conducts him to a pine-grove on the river bank, where she finds a shelter and solitude undisturbed by the presence of human beings. There, in the presence of the sky "as pure as her own soul, and of the torrents, agitated as her own heart," she questions him about the sincerity of his affection.

In view of the fact that these stories, written about the same time as the *Lettres sur J. J. Rousseau*, show in their general characteristics unmistakable signs of his influence, it is not unlikely that the nature touches are an attempt to suggest with a few strokes that sympathetic attitude toward nature which constitutes an integral part of the mental life of his characters.

*Delphine*, published in 1802, is the most personal of Madame de Staël's works, and, according to her biographer, Madame Necker de Saussure, is the reality of her youth. It was written at a time when the emotional in her nature predominated over the intellectual, when her own unhappy passion for Benjamin Constant made her experience all the miseries and ennui of a hopeless affection. It is the story of Madame de Staël's own great passion unfolding itself amidst hopes, disappointments, mental torments, and pangs of conscience, and advancing with cumulative intensity until it wrecks the lives of both its victims. Political, social, and religious questions are considered only in their bearing on the main purpose of the story, a protest against woman's position in modern society and the obligation imposed upon her of submitting to public opinion. Everything is subordinated to the impassioned utterance of erotic emotion and the introspective analysis of the head and the heart. It is, moreover, a *roman de Salon*. The action takes place at Paris and the characters are drawn from the author's immediate surroundings, from among the men and women who frequented Madame de Staël's drawing-room in the rue Grenelle-Saint-

Germain. The novel contains little local color and practically no description, circumstance and place being merely indicated. The incident itself is of little importance, while the emotion produced by it is elaborately treated until the possibilities of analysis have been exhausted.

In a work of this sort, where the high tension of emotion is sustained throughout and the self-inflicted analysis only tends to make the characters impervious to external influences, nature description necessarily plays a very small rôle. We may, however, determine Delphine's attitude toward nature, and if she is, as is asserted, the counterpart of Madame de Staël, her attitude will throw some light upon that of Madame de Staël at this time of her life. We find that she emphasizes two phases of the reciprocal relations between mental states and external nature which at first sight seem inconsistent: first, the harmonious correspondence of mind and nature in their changing moods; second, the utter inflexibility of nature, its indifference to all human suffering. To the critical and practical mind these correspondences are what Ruskin styles "pathetic fallacies," and nature is stolidly indifferent to human experience. And yet we must allow that to the inspired and clairvoyant imagination of the poet with his additional sense are revealed secret harmonies of which our fettered senses have no cognizance. The fact that Madame de Staël possessed both the critical mind and the poetical imagination will explain this apparent inconsistency in the attitude of her characters toward nature.

In her happier moments Delphine describes herself as carried through the air upon the wings of a cloud. Her feet scarcely touch the earth and she is surrounded by an azure sky through which all objects appear in shining colors. The recollections of her sojourn with her lover Léonce at Bellerive, a country estate in the environs of Paris, are always associated with the mild weather, clear skies, green trees, and sweet-scented blossoms of spring. Restored to her lover's arms after a long period of separation, she wakes, after a night of sound and refreshing sleep, to find a beautiful sun illuminating her chamber with its festal rays, which contribute their share to her happiness. These

early rays lighting up the distant horizon and the majesty of awakening nature are in full accord with her own hopes of a happier future. In her hour of sorrow, nature shows its sympathy by assuming a sombre aspect. Arriving at Geneva, she descends to the lake, which is agitated by a violent wind. She derives unspeakable comfort from the raging tempest and wild disturbance of the elements, which prove to her that nature as well has her own soul is no longer at peace. There are many indications that in her sober moments Delphine was keenly sensible to nature's indifference to her sufferings, that she was plunged by this indifference into a deeper despair from which she was relieved only by her faith in an eternal being watching over human destiny. Overcome by violent emotion, she throws herself upon the ground, where she lies convulsed in tears. On rising, she contemplates the calm blue sky with its brilliant stars, and notes the contrast between her own agitated mind and the calm of nature. She is comforted, however, by the thought that God is present in a realm so worthy of His omnipotence, that His paternal eye is fixed upon suffering humanity to solace them in their grief and to lead them to virtue. On her way to Switzerland the trees, rivers, and mountains rush by with incredible rapidity and she derives little consolation from their presence. Nature appears inflexible and she demands in vain that it present Léonce's image in one of the fantastic and flitting clouds agitated by the wind. One day in particular proved to be exceedingly disagreeable during the passage of the mountains which separate France from Switzerland. Black fir trees interrupt at intervals the dazzling whiteness of the snow, and the swollen torrents are heard thundering at the foot of the precipices. Delphine says: "Winter does not consist merely in the absence of human beings but also in the absence of nature. In the other seasons song-birds and vegetation animate the landscape, even if it is not enlivened by the presence of human beings. But in winter the trees are bare, the frozen lakes are as immovable as the overhanging rocks, the mountain-tops are obscured by the encircling mists, and everything recalls the reign of death." She shudders in passing through this world of gloom, which opposes to her grief its impassible repose.

An overpowering sense of despair tempts her to cast herself over the edge of the precipice. She is deterred, however, by hearing a group of peasants praise her beauty as she stands clothed in white outlined against a background of fir trees. Their admiration arouses in her a sort of self-pity which prompts her to put away all thoughts of death and to continue her journey. Delphine's attention is again called to the indifference of nature on the morning of her lover's execution, when there is not a cloud, not even a veil of mourning over the sun. Nature appears resplendent in brilliant colors, in glaring contrast to the blackness of the crime to be committed and the gloom in the victim's soul.

We may say that, in general, Delphine evinces a warm sympathy with nature which is diminished only in the hours of her direst distress. The contemplation of nature exalts her to those religious thoughts suggested by its majestic beauties. The power of love makes her more susceptible to the sensuous beauties of nature and causes her to rebel at the thought of death. Even in the hour of sorrow, nature does not refuse entirely its magic healing power. During her residence at Lausanne she takes walking trips in the surrounding mountains, whose imposing grandeur solaces her grief by directing her thoughts to the celestial consoler above. These *promenades rêveuses* take her as far as the Rhine falls at Schaffhausen, where she becomes absorbed in watching the waters which have been falling so many thousand years without interruption or repose. She seems to hear "the din of the ages precipitating itself into the abyss of time," and sees in the rapidly flowing stream the symbol of the "flight of time and the continuity of the centuries." She exclaims: "Behold our destiny! wave swallowing wave, thousands of sensitive beings, suffering, deserving, and perishing like the jets of water, which make a desperate leap into the air and then disappear forever."

From the Abbaye du Paradis, where she had retired in order to conceal herself from Léonce, Delphine writes to her confidante, Mademoiselle d'Albemar, as follows: "You know that when I was with you I took great pleasure in the contemplative life. The rustling of the wind and the waves made me experi-

ence the sweetest sensations. In listening to these harmonious sounds, I dreamed of the future and mingled the hopes of youth with those of another world. Even now when I expect nothing but sorrow, I walk at night in the garden and contemplate the Alps and the sky. I endeavor to recall those sublime works which from early youth have consecrated my life to the worship of the great and the good, the songs of Ossian, Thomson's hymns to nature, in fact all that poetry which interprets in the silence of the sky and the beauties of the earth the presentiment of a secret mystery, of an unexplained future."

In 1800, two years before the appearance of *Delphine*, Madame de Staël published her first important critical work, *De la littérature*, in which she states frankly her literary preferences. Like Delphine, she is attracted by the philosophical and melancholy poetry of the north as it is represented by Ossian and the Germans. In describing this poetry she employs the very words used by Delphine in the letter quoted above. She prefers the northern imagination which delights in the rustling of the waves and the wind, and directs the heart, weary of its fate, to thoughts of the future in another world. She says that in order to enjoy the nature-poetry of Gessner, the soul must be at peace with itself and the world. Sombre and wild aspects of nature alone appeal to the heart agitated by passion.

Five years elapse between the composition of *Delphine* and the appearance of *Corinne* in 1807. During this time Madame de Staël's experience in life had been enriched, her insight into human nature deepened, and her mental horizon widened. This development was effected in three main directions. First, by gaining the mastery over her great passion for Constant, by rising above the grief occasioned by the death of her father, by submitting to the inevitable decree of exile, she acquired a repose and self-control which made themselves felt in a more concise and sustained style and in greater objectivity of treatment. Second, a wider acquaintance with German literature opened to her vision a world of new ideas which she eagerly assimilated and to which she gave poetical expression. Third, the Italian journey softened and mellowed her disposition and infused into her life and writings a poetical warmth and en-

thusiasm which one would scarcely believe possible for the author of *Delphine*. Of cardinal importance among these influences is the awakening of a greater interest in German literature. It has been said that a personal acquaintance with the leaders in Germany's intellectual movements suddenly released Madame de Staël's inherited German peculiarities from the fetters of her French nationality. At Paris, even before the publication of *Delphine*, she had come under the influence of the universal and sympathetic mind of William von Humboldt. At Weimar she imbued her mind with Schiller's idealism and heard from his own lips his interpretation of Kant's philosophy. From Goethe she acquired much of that far-reaching intellectual sympathy which knows no national limits, and the perusal of his works intensified her interest in nature. Here also under the tutelage of Henry Crabbe Robinson she studied Schelling's *Naturphilosophie* and translated with much skill portions of his *Æsthetics*. At Berlin she met and learned to love her German counterpart, Rahel Levin, of whose social and intellectual talents, she was, to use her own words, rendered jealous. Here it was that she asked Fichte to give in *un petit quart d'heure* an *aperçu* of a system of philosophy to which he had devoted a lifetime. In the lectures of A. W. Schlegel delivered at Berlin in the winters of 1802-04 she found the confirmation and elaboration of those literary and æsthetic doctrines which she had advanced in her book *De la littérature*. By accepting Schlegel, on Goethe's recommendation, as the tutor of her son, she brought into her immediate family circle the leader and theorist of the German Romantic movement, and identified herself with this school for all time. As a perennial monument of both the German and the Italian influence stands the novel *Corinne*, begun soon after the return from Italy in 1804 and completed in 1807. Like *Delphine* it is a protest against woman's position in modern society, against her lack of freedom to develop her personality. It is also like *Delphine* a psychological analysis of erotic emotion, which, however, is not so engrossing as to shut out all other interests. The novel is well entitled *Corinne: or Italy*, for in addition to being the story of the tragic fate of the gifted poetess, it is a prose poem in praise of Italy,

its people and climate, its music and literature, its history and art.

That Madame de Staël's interest in nature was quickened by the Italian journey and that she desired to give poetical expression to this awakening, is manifested on every other page of *Corinne*. She notes with fine perception and rare appreciation the influence of climate, sunny skies, and luxuriant vegetation upon the various phases of Italian life. Nature-setting for love scenes, more detailed description of scenery, poetical and imaginative diction replete with figures borrowed from nature, all attest the genuineness and sincerity of feeling which prompted her to ascribe an important rôle to nature among the divers interests which claimed her attention in Italy. To quote the many references to nature in this novel would exceed the proper limits of this article. It will suffice to indicate the author's method of treatment and illustrate the manner in which the nature-thread is woven into the texture of *Corinne*.

To the discussion of the influence of Italian climate upon language, customs, music, and art, Madame de Staël brings a warmth of feeling and felicity of expression, neither forced nor strained, but born of a genuine fondness for those sunny skies to which she ascribes so great an influence. She finds the English language, compared with Italian, monotonous and vague: "The former derives its colors from the clouds, and its modulation from the waves, the latter borrows its words from the joy diffused in all hearts by a beautiful climate." In the friendly and graceful greetings of the Sicilian boatmen she sees an indication that the pure breath of the sky and the sea influences the imagination of men in the same way that the Æolian harp is influenced by the wind, and that poetry as well as music is the echo of nature. In her poetical improvisations at the Capitol on the glory and happiness of Italy, Corinne singles out Ariosto as the poet especially inspired by the clear air and smiling skies: "He is the brilliant and versatile rainbow appearing after the stormy wars, his lightness and gaiety is nature's smile itself." Raphael, Michelangelo, and Galileo are called children of a sun which animates thought, excites courage, and quickens the imagination. In her enthusiasm for this nature, she quotes

Goethe's verse : "Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühen?" and continues, "Have you inhaled these perfumes, this luxury? In air so fragrant and so soft? Now answer, stranger, is nature at home so generous and so beautiful?" She ascribes to nature in Italy a protective interest in man, who, even in the face of great calamities, does not feel that he is entirely abandoned by the divinity: "Here the point of grief is dulled and there is scarcely a sorrow that cannot be effaced by the consoling Italian sky." Even the gloomy sepulchres and funeral urns do not terrify her imagination, for she is attended by a throng of friendly shades, who render the thought of the transition from this life to the next even attractive.

Although Madame de Staël has often given eloquent expression to her love of music, it is in *Corinne* that she ascribes to music the highest place among the beaux arts. She brings the peculiar charm of Italian music into close relation with the climate, making the one the reflection of the other. The softness and sweetness of the Italian voice suggest to her the perfume of flowers and the clearness of the sky. In painting, *Corinne* expresses a decided preference for the religious subjects of Raphael and Michelangelo because of the simplicity and generality of their appeal. In her opposition to the theatrical and formal in the French imitation of Greek and Roman subjects, she has a presentiment of the revolution in art which gave birth to the romantic school. But that she was still under the influence of the classic school of David is indicated by the fact that she denies painting the right of attaining dramatic expression through the representation of physical pain and intense emotion. She expresses herself very clearly on the subject of landscapes, criticising severely the *scènes champêtres*, which, she says, are as insipid as the idylls in literature. She admires the wild romantic landscapes of Salvator Rosa, which are characterized by the absence of human beings. These landscapes, like nature itself, move her to profound reflection.

It is perhaps in speaking of *Romeo and Juliet* that *Corinne* interprets most eloquently the influence of climate upon the inhabitants of the Midi. She says that Shakespeare possessed that southern imagination, both passionate and smiling, which

can triumph in happiness and yet pass easily from happiness to despair, from despair to death. She claims that he better than any other author understood the national character of Italy, "a fecundity of spirit, which invents a thousand ways of expressing the same sentiment, an oriental eloquence which borrows images from every phase of nature, to express the various emotions of the human heart." She contends that Shakespeare realized that in an energetic climate it is the power of nature, not frivolity of mind, that hastens the development of passion. "Vegetation may be quick and impetuous but the soul is not light and frivolous." Corinne often refers to the apparent tranquillity of the Italian landscape, which suggests to her an undercurrent of intense passion, for the time being dormant, but ready to impetuously depart from its repose.

Corinne is exceedingly sensitive to the voluptuous and sensuous influence of the Italian climate. She realizes that the manners and customs must be entirely different from those in a country where severe cold keeps the inhabitants shut up in houses. She can better understand the dialogues of Plato after seeing the ancient porticos, under which the owners, animated by a beautiful sky, would promenade and converse for half a day at a time, in the account of her early years spent in Scotland. She emphasizes most forcibly the contrast between the barren, unattractive life of the north and the warm sensuous life of the south. The description of her residence on the seacoast in an ancient wind-swept castle, surrounded by gloomy fir trees, where the universal silence was interrupted only by the surging sea and screeching crows, reminds one of the setting for the Tales of Horror of the English romantic school.

Compared with *Delphine*, *Corinne*, contains much description of natural scenery. The description is, however, interpretative rather than detailed. Madame de Staël does not weary us by attempting to present an exact transcription of what she sees through the reproduction of the innumerable details of a landscape. Her method is to select the essential features and interpret their spiritual value to her emotional nature. She calls the Roman Campagna, "cette terre fatiguée de gloire qui semble dédaigner de produire," Its lack of trees and habita-

tions conveys the impression of a vast desert. The wild, parasitic plants, which creep into the tombs and vie with one another in decorating the dead, prove that "nature cherishes its dead and affectionately adorns them with useless flowers which creep along the ground and never desert the ashes which they seem to caress." We are made to realize the apartness and exceptional character of "*cette heureuse campagne de Naples*" by having our attention called to the fact that it is intentionally separated from the rest of Europe by the sea and the inhospitable country which must be traversed before reaching it. We are told that nature has reserved for itself this "*séjour de délices*" by making the approach more perilous. Instead of presenting a picture of the luxuriant vegetation with which the prodigality of nature has endowed Naples, she says that nature, resolved to perish in its richest array, has made here a final and supreme effort. We see the wagons, adorned with garlands of roses, returning from the fields, the children strewing a profusion of flowers before Corinne's carriage upon her entrance into Terracini. Every step she takes causes sweet fragrance to rise from the flowers beneath her feet. The nightingales adding their sweet songs to the fragrant flowers prove that nature's charms are mutually attracted. The warm sun makes her so conscious of the friendliness of nature that nothing can alter her sense of well-being. At Tivoli, once the residence of Brutus, Augustus, and Horace, Corinne had erected a villa facing the sibylline temple above the thundering falls of the Teverone. Instead of describing in detail the temple and its surroundings, she merely indicates its site on the mountain, where it dominates the landscape. The spiritual value of the ensemble is brought out by making the temple in its commanding position symbolize the religious idea, which dominates all other thoughts. "The temple inspires a greater sympathy for nature by announcing the divinity from which all nature springs." The contemplation of this scene leads her to the observation that the ruins in Italy have become one with nature and are in perfect harmony with the surrounding trees and torrents. In the Square of St. Peter's at Rome are two fountains on either side of the great obelisk. The perpetual motion of the water rising and falling in jets and

cascades is found to be in perfect harmony with the eternal repose and regularity of the church, which is itself described as a work of art, producing the effect of a marvel of nature and possessing that grandeur which characterizes the immediate works of creation. The fountains and the church suggest the thought that time is incapable either of quenching the jetting sprays or of destroying the immovable rock.

Of all natural phenomena in Italy it was unquestionably the sea that made the greatest impression on Madame de Staël. She introduces it repeatedly into *Corinne* and describes it in its changing moods of calm and storm. In alluding to the attraction which it has for her she quotes Goethe's *Fischer*, a poem which, to judge from the many allusions in Madame de Staël's works, contributed much to stimulate her interest in nature. Besides this reference in *Corinne*, she translated the poem into French verse and devoted much space to it in the chapter on German poetry in the book *L'Allemagne*. It is to her the most perfect interpretation of that secret alliance between the intimate sensations of the human soul and the marvelous beauties of the universe to which the sensitive imagination of the poet alone can give adequate expression.

The only extended example of detailed description in the novel is the account of Corinne's ascent of Vesuvius with Lord Nevile, which cannot be reproduced in full because of its length. Those critics who question Madame de Staël's ability to paint in words will find here a veritable gem of description as exact, vigorous, full of color, and observant of spiritual values, as is required by the stupendous character of the object described. "We see in the distance the Bay of Naples, sparkling in the sunlight as if strewn with jewels . . . . the black bituminous flood of lava stealing like the tiger upon its prey . . . . the whirlpool of flame, reflected in the sky and the sea so that all nature is wrapped in threefold fire . . . . the livid green, tawny brown, and ensanguined red of the sulphurous rocks, suggesting to the eye that dissonance which the ears were sensible of if pierced by the strident cries of witches. On the brink of the flaming pool, we are forced to the realization that the greatest mysteries of the universe do not reside in man, but in a force

quite independent of him, which protects and threatens him according to unfathomable laws. We ask ourselves whether mercy presides over the phenomena of the universe or some hidden principle which forces nature, as well as her children, to ferocity." The evidence furnished by these few pages of detailed description is sufficient to allay those doubts concerning Madame de Staël's attitude toward the Bay of Naples and Vesuvius, which may be aroused by the disparaging words quoted at the beginning of this article.

In *Corinne*, as in *Delphine*, Madame de Staël emphasizes the harmonious correspondence between mental states and external nature. On the day when Corinne is to play Juliet in the private theatricals in the palace of the Prince Castel-Forte, Lord Nevile remarks on the beautiful weather which lends an additional lustre to her success. Corinne rejoins that poetry, love, religion, in fact everything that tends toward enthusiasm, is in perfect harmony with nature; that in submitting to the impression made upon her by the azure sky, she can better comprehend Juliet's emotion and be made worthy of Romeo. Upon another occasion Corinne asks Lord Nevile whether he does not find nature in Italy in closer relation with mankind, that the Creator employs nature as a language between his creatures and Himself. In moments of exaltation or depression she interprets natural phenomena as presaging future events in her life. The sky assumes either an approving or disapproving aspect. A cloud obscuring the moon, for example, condemns her relation to Oswald. It is interesting to note in this connection that when Madame de Staël was recalled to Coppet by the death of her father, the clouds presented in the figure of a large man, disappearing in the west, the symbol of the loss which she had experienced. It is further characteristic of Corinne to lose her interest in nature with the reversal in her prospects for a happy marriage. Under normal conditions she is interested in everything and enjoys both intellectual intercourse with people and communion with nature. This enjoyment, however, is dependent upon the happy issue of her love for Oswald. When the separation finally takes place, she becomes "a flower blighted by the wind," her talents are destroyed, music fails to console

her, and the contemplation of nature serves only to double her sorrow. In passing through the charming spots which she had previously visited with Oswald, she is dominated by a positive grief, and nature speaks to her only vaguely. The beautiful sky cannot dispel her grief and its smiling countenance increases her suffering by contrast. In Corinne's last improvisation, her swan-song, she again refers to the impossibility of being consoled by nature. Formerly "La belle Italie" had inspired her with confidence, but now it presents its charms in vain. It recalls her former happiness and makes her revolt against her present lot. She quotes from Milton, "Combien est terrible le désespoir que cet air ne calme pas." In the murmur of the wind she hears the voice of the angel of death; in the evening shadows, the folds of his robe. Even at midday, his form is outlined in the distant low-lying clouds.

The philosophical basis for the nature treatment in *Corinne* will be found in Schelling's *Naturphilosophie* as it was diffused throughout the productions of the German romantic school and interpreted to Madame de Staël by her literary mentor, A. W. Schlegel. Not that she ever subscribed to the final conclusions of the Schelling philosophy. Neither his pantheistic apotheosis of nature as "die heilige ewig schaffende Urkraft der Welt," nor his abstract immortality which consisted in the dissolution of the individual soul in the "Weltseele," could appeal to her self-centred individualism and highly developed family sense, which would have directed her rather to an oriental ancestor-worship. What this philosophy did for her in entering her life at a time when the sunny skies of Italy were exercising their beneficent influence upon her imagination was to stimulate that genuine love and sympathy for nature which comes with the dawning realization that both organic and inorganic matter bears within it the principle of eternal life, that the rock, the flower, beast and man, are related phenomena, the finite expression of an infinite spirit. With Schelling she sees a unity of principle pervading all natural phenomena, expressing itself in the analogy of each part of the universe with the whole so that the whole is reflected in the part and the part in the whole. To these analogies between the elements of physical nature she gives ex-

pression when she compares the color scarlet to a trumpet-blast, waves of fire to waves of water, fantastic cloud formations to valleys and mountains, or when she says that the sea agitated by the approaching storm responds to a mysterious signal from the sky. She accepts, further, a certain resemblance between the laws governing the mind and those governing nature, making the physical world as it were the relief of the moral world. This principle is embodied in the comparison of mental states with external phenomena. Thus the cloud becomes the symbol for sorrow, the moon's rays for calm and repose, the stormy waves for anger. We are told that it was characteristic of Corinne's poetry to bridge over the gulf between mind and nature by searching out these mysterious harmonies.

Madame de Staël by no means surrendered herself to an unconditional adoration of nature. It was difficult for her to reconcile the baneful and beneficent aspect of nature, to explain those sudden catastrophes which play havoc with all human endeavor. Poison lurking in the sweet-scented flower, contagion in the light zephyr, are, for her, symbols of that barbarous side of nature, which disillusion us most when we are on the point of yielding to its irresistible charms. The existence side by side of peace and discord, harmony and dissonance, birth and death would plunge her into hopeless despair, if she could not discern in these contrasts the sure indications of resurrection and eternal life. Through the contemplation of nature Delphine—Corinne—Germaine Necker arrives at the conception of the invisible God who constantly reveals himself to man through His works, the visible phenomena of the physical world.

Her final convictions on this subject have found eloquent expression in the concluding paragraph of the chapter on nature in *De L'Allemagne*. I quote these words in the original in order that they may not lose in effectiveness by translation: "Les vraies causes finales de la nature, ce sont ses rapports avec notre âme et avec notre sort immortel; les objets physiques eux-mêmes ont une destination qui ne se borne point à la courte existence de l'homme ici-bas; ils sont là pour concourir au dé-

veloppement de nos pensées, à l'oeuvre de notre vie morale. Les phénomènes de la nature ne doivent pas être compris seulement d'après les lois de la matière, quelque bien combinées, qu'elles soient; ils ont un sens philosophique et un but religieux, dont la contemplation la plus attentive ne pourra jamais connaître toute l'étendue."

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## THE DRAMA AND THE SCHOOLS

Are there any signs in the academic world of an endeavor there to bring about that "Renaissance in the Drama" for which everyone now so eagerly is looking? What answer have our colleges and universities to give to such questions as these:

1. What courses do you offer in the study of the drama? or in dramatic composition?
2. What plays have been produced by your students in the last five years?
3. Have you a dramatic club?
4. What plays have been given for you by professionals?

These questions were asked of eighty representative educational institutions; fifty-five of them replied; on the testimony of the replies, supplemented by the evidence of college records, periodicals, etc., the present paper will aim to show the kind and amount of interest in dramaturgy in the academic life of the present moment. An obvious and somewhat surprising enthusiasm was revealed, coming as these replies did from the faculty or from secretaries writing under their direction. In only one instance was any scepticism expressed as to the success of faculty coöperation, and only once a lack of faith in the value of college dramatic activities. Great interest was shown in outlining improved plans for the future, as well as in comparing notes with others.

Answers to the first questions showed that courses of drama study fall naturally into two groups:—the old-fashioned type, in which drama is approached in a literary way with almost no relation to the theatre; the newer type, which concerns itself with dramatic theory and technique, especially as exhibited in the modern play. It is pleasing to note that in some institutions where the newer type is offered, great emphasis is placed on the intelligent patronage of good plays whenever exhibited on the current stage, and that the newest offerings are discussed in the class-room. Such study must inevitably develop discriminating patrons of both public and academic drama. Although such courses are new, one-third of the fifty-five institu-

tions report their adoption. At Harvard and Radcliffe *The Drama from the Miracle Plays to the Closing of the Theatres*, and *The Drama from 1642 to the Present Day* are among the courses given. A course in modern drama, dealing with the leading literary plays from 1660 to the present, and one in contemporary drama, dealing with stage plays in Europe and America, are given at Yale. At Cornell there is one in *Dramatic Structure*; at Leland Stanford one in *Modern Drama*; at Chicago one in *The Study of Modern Drama*; at the University of Washington one in *Contemporary Drama*, etc.

Courses in dramatic composition are naturally rare, but they are perhaps the most significant of all as a measure of the keenness of the increased interest in the drama. At Tufts College one-, two-, and three-act plays are being written; at Cornell a weekly two-hour course in play-writing is given; at Bryn Mawr both graduate and undergraduate courses involving detailed study of dramatic technique and practice in dramatic composition are offered; and at Harvard and Radcliffe a considerable number of plays result each year from Professor Baker's classes in dramatic composition, several having already attained distinction on the public stage.

It is interesting to know that this Cambridge habit of writing plays was the result of student initiative rather than of professional demand. Radcliffe students working upon dramatic technique asked permission to submit one-act plays for criticism, and it was in response to this request that in 1906 the course in dramatic composition began. It was offered for three years in Radcliffe before being introduced into Harvard. When the news of the student playwrights went abroad, New York managers laughed at the idea that college students could produce plays worth the acting, but their change of front is indicated by the standing offer of Mr. Henry B. Harris to be one of five to give ten thousand dollars each to endow a chair of dramatic composition in an American university, and by Mr. John Craig's offer of a five-hundred-dollar prize to be awarded annually for the best play submitted by any of Professor Baker's students at Harvard or at Radcliffe. The award includes the production of the play for one week by Mr. Craig's company at

the Castle Square Theatre in Boston: the interesting result of the first prize contest will be discussed later. Mr. Baker does not, to be sure, guarantee a playwright as the net result of every student who feels an impulse to write plays; although he does maintain that a dramatic composition is built according to logical laws of form, and that these laws can be taught. Entrance to the course is conditioned upon his acceptance of an original play, and the play is not accepted unless it shows feeling for dramatic situation and ability to call out emotion by imitative action. Blank verse tragedy is the only type of play which may not be submitted; patience must of course have some bounds.

Several of the playwrights developed by the Harvard course in dramatic composition are already more or less well known. Recently, three plays by Harvard men were being presented at the same time in New York: *The Scarecrow* by Percy Mackaye, *The Faun* by Edward S. Knoblaugh, and *The Boss* by Edward Sheldon. A successful undergraduate effort was Miss Florence Lincoln's play *The End of the Bridge*, which captured Mr. Craig's new prize the first year and was presented early in March, 1911. The demand for seats was so great that the contemplated productions of even such favorites as *Why Smith Left Home* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy* were postponed for nine weeks, one hundred and eight consecutive performances being given. The Boston newspapers were enthusiastic in their praise of the play and of Mr. Baker's course in which the young dramatist had received her training. *The Boston Budget*, commenting upon the play, said:

"At last it has been proved that academic instruction in the arts is not without its practical value. Miss Florence Lincoln, the author of *The End of the Bridge*, has accomplished what may fairly be said to have never happened before in the history of the drama. A college student without practical experience with the stage, and of course with a limited knowledge of life and human character, has nevertheless constructed and written a play that is human and convincing. From the very first the general theatre-going public has realized that there is a play that is worth being seen for its own sake."

Naturally, the reports showed that many plays or 'shows' were written outside the courses in dramatic composition; some few by members of the faculties; the bulk of them by undergraduates. Most of these are written as a contribution to the entertainment of the academic community and are intended for immediate presentation. Two plays by Mr. Guild of the English Department of the University of Illinois were performed at Illinois by a faculty club. *A Man of Letters*, written by Professor Richard Burton, head of the Department of English in the University of Minnesota, was presented at that institution by the regular dramatic club. A mystery play, written by a member of the junior class, has been given by one of the Greek letter fraternities in the University of Washington. These instances are typical:

One must confess that the most numerous class of these original plays cannot claim literary merit of any sort; indeed, they are made with no such end. They are the musical comedies, farces, or burlesques written by class or club committees, and dealing with local college life. They are usually a part of the festivities grouped about the "Junior Prom" or "Senior Week," or some other annual celebration, and are manufactured in the same spirit of committee faithfulness which ensures the success of the music or of the dance. In most cases, words and music are partly adapted from popular musical comedies, although some productions are original and, in their way, clever enough. The freshman class at Northwestern University gives annually a 'play or musical burlesque based on the traditions against trigonometry. The Universities of Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, Michigan, Cornell, Princeton, and Pennsylvania also have annual plays of this lighter sort. The type is especially suited to institutions where the feminine element is lacking, and where there is therefore no offense in 'boying' the greatness of a musical comedy heroine. The names of the plays indicate their nature. *Bluff* is reported from an Ohio college, and a prolific young playwright from the University of Texas offers among other such comedies *The Monkey Tour* and *Beelzebubbles*; *Knowland* and *The Prof. and the Princess* at the University of Minnesota are examples of the better festivities of this sort. The annual *Mask and Wig* pro-

ductions of the University of Pennsylvania are, after their twenty-one years of existence, perhaps the most widely known of the college musical shows. They are undoubtedly clever, in spite of their usual lack of literary or highly dramatic quality, and college spirit rallies to their support in the university, in Philadelphia, and when the troupe is on tour, so that in spite of the great expense involved in the elaborate costuming and scenic effects, there are at least large financial profits. Such shows have, however, no significance for serious college drama. Their wide occurrence and evident hold upon college sympathy is indeed the most discouraging fact, and the only one contained in the reports. Of course, college fondness for musical comedy is a reflection of popular taste outside, as well as of general undergraduate exuberance within, and it is a part of the large problems concerned with public taste; not specifically with that of college tendencies. It is interesting to note, however, that the *Comedy Club* of the University of Michigan has in the last two years abandoned light farce, to which its energies have been hitherto devoted, and has turned to serious comedy. The Yale Dramatic Association, too, has set its face in this better direction, and other institutions indicate plans for similar reform.

After the spurious type of musical comedy, the next most numerous class of original plays is hardly heavier in value, if one may judge by such titles as *Mistress Mary's Contrary Garden*, *Minerva versus Venus*, *The Chaperon*, etc. The reports of such plays come almost entirely from the middle and far West where there is found also so much of the best. These, however, are apparently not in the musical group, but are of the same casual dramatic construction, and all are produced in response to the demand for variety on the college stage.

Various incidental items of interest are scattered through the reports. A great many acting versions of classical plays have been prepared by classes studying some period of the drama; novels have been dramatized, and other adaptations made for stage purposes, and some translations of foreign drama have been reported, although the activity in this last connection is small,—most of the translations made being from Greek or Latin plays and by members of the faculty. On the whole, there

is little to show in original college drama as yet. For the most part, the originality of college youth expends itself upon farces and musical burlesques. A more valuable phase of dramatic activity is to be found in the clubs presenting plays. Most of the dramatic activity in colleges and universities is in the hands of such clubs, some producing plays as only a minor part of their activity, others—and these are the large majority—being organized for this sole purpose. The membership is usually determined by what is called 'try-outs,' a form of competitive trial, or by the successful performance of some part in a play. The committee before whom the candidate appears to compete includes usually faculty advisers besides student members; often, too, a professional coach. At Vassar any student may belong by paying a small membership fee, and about ninety-five per cent of the students are members.

The Yale Dramatic Association is one of the most interesting of the clubs. Its purpose from the beginning has been the production of plays of educational value, especially of plays possessing great historical and artistic value, but not apt to appear on the public stage. Yale magazines and the New Haven papers testify to the excellent results of this aim. The Association has produced one of *The Second Shepherd Plays*, Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, Sheridan's *Critic*, Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man*, Ibsen's *Pretenders*, and plays by Wilde and Pinero. The productions have been marked by great historical accuracy and by something like real dramatic finish. An interview with Professor John M. Berdan which appeared in the *Yale News* states the present position and plans for the future clearly:

"On the surface the Yale Theatre may seem rather less important to the average undergraduate than the new boat-house or the new stadium, although the theatre has a more important mission than either of these to fulfil. Still, most donors who are willing to spend money for a university gymnasium or a laboratory pass over the chance to give to a laboratory which deals with questions of the mind. Consequently, we are teaching drama by purely theoretical methods. The Dramatic Association cannot afford, on account of the expense of renting cos-

tumes, scenery, and a theatre, to run the risk of failures. This means that the Association cannot afford to put on new plays by Yale men. A man, therefore, who wishes to study or write drama, a perfectly legitimate literary occupation in which pecuniary returns are enormous, is forced to deal only in theory, and to submit his plays without any practical experience to a New York manager. The transition from college life to that of a playwright is too sudden for most men, and, as a result, a great deal of talent is wasted in other occupations less important to humanity. The fact that the Dramatic Association has accumulated more than \$10,000 as a nucleus of what must soon grow to a fund of much greater proportions (to be used for the building of a Yale theatre) is an assurance that the present lamentable state of Yale courses in the drama will be improved."

Harvard, so far advanced in all dramatic activities, has a club which has gone far toward solving the difficulties of presenting the young playwrights' first plays. Since 1908, each year the Harvard Dramatic Club has produced plays selected from manuscripts submitted by students. At the spring performances one-act pieces are presented, and in this way three or four young authors may have the discipline of seeing their work produced. The advantages to Harvard of a college theatre as a dramatic workshop are obvious.

Aside from clubs existing for definite dramatic purposes, many literary clubs put on plays, and some classes studying drama stage the subject of their work. This last happens oftenest, perhaps, with classes studying the pre-Shakespearean and Elizabethan drama. Plays in foreign languages, too, are frequently produced by Greek, Spanish, or German classes, but more often such plays are given by department clubs, by *Le Cercle Française*, or *Der deutscher Verein*, or some other organization. Academic drama is, of course, the natural handmaid of the teacher of language, but the emphasis now seems upon the play as an example of literature rather than as an exercise in French or German pronunciation. One needs but to glance at the list of plays named in the reports to be convinced of the serious literary purpose of the departmental clubs producing them. Molière is the most popular of the French dramatists, and per-

formances of his plays are reported from all over the country,—*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, and *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* leading the list. Rostand seems next in popularity, and his play, *Les Romanesques*, the prime favorite.

The reports of German clubs do not present such uniformity in choice of plays, though the total number of plays produced seems to be greater. Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*, Freytag's *Die Journalisten*, and Wilhelmi's *Einer Muss Heiraten* are the most popular among those cited.

The reports mention the presentation of a few Spanish and Scandinavian plays. These usually result from local interests, the influence of students of foreign birth, etc. Spanish plays are given in the universities of the far Southwest, where the Mexican-Spanish influence operates; Scandinavian plays, in the universities of North Dakota and Minnesota.

Occasionally a Greek letter society appears in the reports as presenting plays. The Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon has devoted itself for years to Elizabethan revivals, and among other plays has produced *The Wise Women of Hogsden*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *Bartholomew Fair*, *All Fools*, and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*. In presenting so many plays of this type and period, the club has learned how to pass on a stage tradition for recovering the atmosphere and humor of Elizabethan comedy, and has a prominent influence in the encouragement of the habit of reviving Elizabethan plays.

On the whole, there is ample proof of the serious purpose behind much of the activity in our colleges as regards drama. The reports show that clubs in more than half of the fifty-five institutions included in the investigation produced habitually two classics annually. More than half of the plays which have been presented are not to be seen except on a college stage. To produce *Comus* (given at Northwestern), the quaint folk-plays, *St. George and the Dragon* and *Revesby Sword* (at Bryn Mawr), *Thersites* (at the University of California), *The Clouds* (at Oberlin), *Dr. Faustus* (at Princeton and Williams), *King Henry IV, Part I* (at Princeton and Yale), etc., is to perform a real service to the study of drama.

As to favorites in the way of old plays, the Elizabethan are

the most popular with college producers, and Shakespeare's the most popular of the Elizabethan, although no one of his plays has been performed so many times as the eighteenth century plays, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The School for Scandal*, or *The Rivals*, which seem the supreme favorites in the college world as heard from through our reports. One does not of course conclude that these inevitably represent the student preference everywhere, but it is clear that the excellent acting quality of these plays as well as the fun and flashing wit have made them seem to the undergraduate a highly comforting compromise between work and play. The choice of modern plays shows the influence of class-room study, Ibsen's plays,—*The Lady from the Sea*, *The Pillars of Society*, and *The Pretenders*,—leading in popularity, and Rostand's being second. Maeterlinck, Phillips, and Yeats, although less frequently drawn upon, meet with more favor from academic producers than from the public.

Greek plays are produced with interesting frequency by college clubs, and during the past two or three years the number has been increasing. Greek comedy is represented by *The Clouds* and *The Frogs* of Aristophanes, and *The Oedipus Tyrannus* has been given by Harvard in Greek and by Dartmouth in English. Sir Gilbert Murray's translation of *Medea* has been twice produced under the auspices of Bryn Mawr College,—first by its undergraduates and later by the Boston branch of its alumnae. *The Antigone* of Sophocles has been played at Leland Stanford, Radcliffe, and Vassar, always in English, except that at Vassar the choruses were given in Greek by the Hellenic Society. *The Alcestis* and *Iphigenia upon Tauris* of Euripides have both been presented twice by Eastern and Middle-Eastern institutions. In contrast with such an apparent interest in the Greek drama, however, only one Latin play is named in the reports, this being the *Phormio* of Terence, produced at Northwestern University.

The fact that the dramatic clubs in most of our colleges possess such serious literary ideals may be partly explained by the strong influence usually operating from the ranks of the faculty. In almost every case, however, the relation of the faculty is purely advisory, one or more members of the faculty, usually from the English department, being elected to regular member-

ship in the organization, or else asked to serve on special committees. Often the acting versions are prepared by members of the faculty, or the staging of a revival is under their close supervision. Occasionally the training is done by a member of the department of Public Speaking, although usually the coach is an outside one, a professional or an actor. The relation of the faculty to the club is, in general, informal, but in almost every instance there is an obvious spirit of coöperation, and almost everywhere the faculty participates actively in dramatic affairs. At the University of Minnesota, for example, the Professor of English Literature, Dr. Richard Burton, already mentioned, has several times acted the leading rôle in a college play, and at Vassar the faculty has presented *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* and other plays. Indeed, the policies of the dramatic clubs and the attitude of the faculty toward these indicate such coöperation in the pursuance of literary and historical ideals that one may fitly call the dramatic activities the laboratory part of the study of drama.

The performances of professional companies under college patronage are not, strictly speaking, academic drama. They do furnish, however, an interesting link between the college world and the popular stage, and are of benefit in both directions. The academic audience is able to gratify its more or less specialized taste by seeing performed by professional actors plays more classical than the demand of the public warrants on the professional stage, and the actors are given the opportunity to appear in rôles worthy of their ideals. The names of the Ben Greet and Coburn Players, of course, occur frequently in the reports. Mr. Greet's company has apparently been everywhere and the second company is following close in its wake. The presentation of *Every Man*, the most impressive of the moralities, in eight of the colleges on our list, probably did much to create the recent interest in the productions of pre-Shakespearean plays. Both the Ben Greet and the Coburn Players have performed Shakespeare frequently, but the performances of Greek tragedies by the latter company are more noteworthy now. Mr. Donald Robertson's Chicago company has given such notable plays as *Comus* and *A Blot in the*

'Scutcheon in the colleges of the Middle West. Maude Adams's production of *Joan of Arc* at the Harvard Stadium is an instance of the interesting spectacular effects that can be gained in an open air theatre. The performance by Margaret Anglin of Sophocles' *Antigone* in the Greek Theatre in California was a remarkable reproduction of the majesty of Greek tragedy. College theatres have also had performances by companies including Forbes Robertson, Henry Miller, and Bernhardt.

On the whole, the investigation has shown that our colleges in their improved and increased interest in the drama are well abreast of dramatic activities outside. College authorities seem to recognize more and more the usefulness, if not the necessity, of producing plays to illuminate the history of drama, the life of a period, and the art of play-writing. The constantly spreading study of dramatic technique should make college students more alive to the problems of theatrical managers, while the study of dramatic composition should produce playwrights of a higher type, and more of them. Most important of all, dramatic activities in our colleges are adding keenly interested and discriminating spectators to the general theatre-going public.

ELEANOR SHELDON.

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## A WORD ON THE SUPERNATURAL

### I. THE NATURAL AND THE SUPERNATURAL

That the idea of the supernatural is considerably out of favor in these days must be admitted, and the reason is clear. Modern science and philosophy are alike insistent in acclaiming that the world in which we live is a *universe*: consequently, when religion or the popular mind seems to assert the existence of a supernatural realm distinct from that of nature, there is immediate rebellion. "Reason can admit no dualisms in experience," is the cry—and this proposition we must acknowledge as valid. There can be no sharp line of cleavage between what are really two inseparable aspects of experience. But is it true that religion necessarily calls for such an objectionable dualism? Not so, I think, if we but recognize at the outset this principle—namely, that the distinction drawn by religion between the natural and the supernatural corresponds to the distinction drawn by philosophy between the phenomenal and the transcendental. Let us analyze the concept of the supernatural in the light of this principle, and then consider its special application to two important problems—the problem of revelation and of miracles.

In the first place, of course, the transcendental is *not* transcendent, but immanent in all phenomena; and the opposite view it is which lies at the bottom of the entire difficulty with regard to the supernatural. The term 'phenomenal' refers to all objects of immediate experience—objects and events as they are experienced by the human mind: the term 'transcendental' refers to the values or ends expressed through phenomena, and without which the world of phenomena has no meaning—not, be it noted again, to any separate world of things-in-themselves distinct from phenomena.

So, in the religious sphere, the term 'natural' should be understood as covering *all* phenomena, physical and mental, without exception; the term 'supernatural' as applying to the order of ends and purposes which is expressed through the

natural order. So understood, the common religious term 'supernatural event' or phenomenon will be seen to possess no real meaning, or at least to be a very inaccurate, even if partly necessary, expression of meaning. The term 'supernatural' should not be used with reference to occasional and striking phenomena, but to the spiritual values underlying all phenomena: the recognition of its existence means merely the acknowledgement that mental and physical phenomena are not ends in themselves, but manifestations of a transcendental or supernatural order of ends. What we often inaccurately call a 'supernatural event' or phenomenon, therefore, is really a perfectly natural phenomenon or event which is seen in some unusually direct or striking manner to reveal and express a supernatural and divine purpose.

Thus, in the application of these terms to revelation, we may say that all revelation is *as such* supernatural, or rather it is always the revelation of the supernatural *through* the natural. Let us elaborate this proposition by analysis. Every revelation involves four factors, each of which must be allowed for if we are to understand the nature of revelation at all—viz., the source, form, content, and purpose of the revelation. Religion affirms the *source* of every true revelation to be God, its *content* to be spiritual truth, and its *purpose* to be not merely religious knowledge for its own sake, but also the inspiration of conduct. Finally, religion, if it is to be consistent with the demands of modern science, must admit the necessary psychological *form* of every revelation. That is to say, the source and the content of any revelation are supernatural, its form natural, and its purpose at once natural and supernatural—supernatural as such, but fulfilling itself in the natural order and through natural media.

Now the unscientific theologian shows a great reluctance to admit *any* natural elements in revelation at all—a tendency to deny the psychological element together, and to neglect the ethical purpose of revelation. On the other hand, scientists show an equally unjustifiable tendency to deny the supernatural source and content of revelation, and an inclination to trace all religious experiences to the subconsciousness, or the self-deceived consciousness, of the experiencer. A complete analysis, how-

ever, cannot neglect any element, nor can the admission that every revelation must take a psychological form have any weakening effect upon the claims of religion. As a correspondent of the London *Spectator* wrote not long ago,<sup>1</sup> "divine revelations" are "no less divine in origin" (and, we may add, in content) "for being partly explicable from a psychological point of view. The operations of divine grace do not interrupt the course of nature." Revelation, as religion believes in it, no more overthrows the laws of mental life than free-will activity does—it is merely the infusion of a spiritual content and significance into that life. God cannot reveal Himself to the human soul, so long as it is an embodied and consequently psychologized soul, except through the ordinary mental processes; and the investigation of the *natural* processes is a scientific problem, the scientific psychologist being alone competent to deal with it. On the other hand, let the psychologist curb his megalomania and admit that the interpretation of the *supernatural* elements in whatever claims to be a spiritual revelation—its first source and essential content—belong to religion, and that scientific methods are totally inapplicable to the problem. In other words, the understanding and analysis of the natural element in revelation involves an intellectual process; but the appreciation of its supernatural value and significance involves a will-attitude or act of faith, and is not an intellectual matter at all.

## II. THE NORMAL AND THE SUPERNORMAL

Another point with regard to our general subject should be made here: that though a division of events or phenomena into natural and supernatural is illegitimate, there is a perfectly legitimate distinction between *normal* and *supernormal* phenomena. This distinction, well recognized in psychology to-day even by those who deny the existence of the supernormal, is to a certain degree analogous to that between the natural and the supernatural, although the terms themselves have a diverse connotation. The *supernormal* is that which transcends the

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<sup>1</sup>April 24, 1909.

normal, and is distinguished from the *abnormal*, or that which deviates from the normal, just as the *supernatural* is distinguished from the *unnatural*. Both terms, however, normal and supernormal, refer to phenomena—to the natural, and not to the supernatural—though it is, of course, impossible to make the line between them absolutely clear.

As to the problem of revelation, again, both terms are applicable to the formal element, the media and processes involved in a revelation, but not to its content. All revelations, as has been said, proceed originally from God as their Source; but God sometimes reveals Himself in perfectly normal, sometimes in supernormal, though always in perfectly natural, ways to the soul. Normal revelations take the 'form' of vague promptings of instinct or emotion, which may, when tested by reason and experience, attain the more definite 'form' of dogmas or propositions of a rational faith. Supernormal revelations, like certain oft-recorded supernormal experiences which have no religious significance, take the 'form' of dreams, visions, voices, etc., whose content must be tested—again by reason and experience—before they can be accepted as a genuine objective validity. We are not concerned at present with the method of verification, but merely the acknowledgment that the automatic nature of the psychological processes involved does not as such determine either way the nature, or even the reality or unreality, of the object of the experience. Between a true and a false revelation there is all the difference between what we may call spiritual perception and spiritual illusion, the two being no more different in *form* than physical perception and illusion are, though at opposite extremes in the matter of *validity*; but the determination of the latter is in either case a problem which only reason and subsequent experience can solve.

Now it is probable that all experiences known as visions are, from a strictly psychological point of view, hallucinatory in their nature—understanding by the term 'hallucination' a mental image to which no present objective physical stimulus corresponds, but which has nevertheless the characteristic feeling of objectivity attached to it. The definition, be it noted, is complete as to the *form* of an hallucination—that it is a

'mental image' involving the 'feeling of objectivity,' but is only partial and negative in its statement as to the actual objective *source* of the experience—that its stimulus is *not* a "present physical" one. The definition says nothing, however, about what its supernatural significance may be, and whether there is any *spiritual* object present or not, the determination of this being not a scientific problem at all.

Take, for example, St. Paul's experience on the road to Damascus. The analysis of the psychological element which I have just made is undoubtedly perfectly compatible with the Apostle's account of the experience which led to his conversion. To call his vision an hallucination seems on the face of it to be playing into the hands of the enemy, but I think if we view the matter more deeply we shall find that such an interpretation of the psychological element will clarify the religious situation tremendously. Certainly there was no 'natural' physical Christ present—let us, at least, for the sake of our orthodoxy, *hope* there was not!—but, according to the Christian interpretation, it *was* the *spiritual* Christ who spoke to St. Paul, and the content of His revelation was spiritual truth. The 'hallucination,' if such it be, was, in other words, what psychologists call 'veridical,' or 'truth-telling,' and it is as rational to suppose that hallucinations may convey 'supernatural' truth 'supernormally' in the 'form' of a vision, as that it can so convey 'natural' truth, or supernormal knowledge of physical facts. As to the *result* of St. Paul's vision, he tells us himself that he was not disobedient to it. In this, after-events confirm what our analysis would indicate, to wit—that its purpose was not merely the conversion of St. Paul himself as the result of the insight conveyed through the revelation, but an inspiration to certain activities which should lead to the conversion of the Gentiles through his preaching.

### III. MIRACLES

Finally, as to the vexed problem of miracles. Certainly, there is no element of Christian belief which so arouses the amusement and sarcasm of the rationalist as the belief in miracles, an acknowledgment of which at once places the believer outside

the pale of reason and beneath the notice of the ordinary critic. The statement that this is a world of law and not of chance, and that God, if He exists, is a God of law and not of caprice, is generally regarded by the rationalist as a sufficient refutation of miracles; and for the believer to acknowledge all this, instead of retrieving him in the eye of the disbeliever, has the opposite effect of condemning his intelligence still more! What is the reason for this? Simply the acceptance by the rationalist of what Professor G. A. Knight<sup>2</sup> excellently calls the 'fiat' definition of miracle as the only legitimate one. A miracle, says the rationalist, is a suspension or actual violation of natural law—major premise; but natural laws are universal and unchangeable—minor premise; therefore miracles do not happen—conclusion. Now, even if we refrain from criticizing this very crude but common concept of 'natural law' and admit the minor premise, still the definition on which the argument is based is false, and the whole argument invalidated thereby. A miracle is not a violation but actually a manifestation of law: it is not a suspension of natural law, but a manifestation of spiritual law. That is to say, the true concept of miracle is the 'immanent' concept, as Dr. Knight calls it—a miracle is always an expression of divine, spiritual, or supernatural activity through and in control of natural forces.

Thus defined, a miracle is a phenomenon which cannot be explained on the grounds of any known law—an unexplained but not inexplicable phenomenon. It is not, properly speaking, a "supernatural event," for I have already indicated the meaninglessness of this expression, but a natural phenomenon which directly and strikingly manifests the supernatural. It is not a purposeless or causeless phenomenon, but an expression of a supernatural or divine purpose through the use of unknown or only partially known natural causes. All events have natural causes, and all events have ultimately a divine purpose or end—a phenomenal and a transcendental aspect; but while some events are manifestations of ordinary forces in nature,

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<sup>2</sup>"The Definition of the Supernatural," *Harvard Theological Review*, July, 1910.

others, which we call miracles, are manifestations of unusual forces. In other words, though God reveals Himself always through natural causes, He sometimes reveals Himself in extraordinary or supernormal ways.

Here again, as in our discussion of revelation, we are not considering the reality of any alleged miracle, but only seeking to vindicate their general possibility and rationality. As to the facts, it is theoretically indifferent whether we take the faith-attitude of accepting the Bible miracles, for example, on the ground of authority, or the agnostic attitude of rejecting them on the ground of insufficient evidence—the choice between these alternatives is purely a matter of practical attitude or religious interpretation either way. The 'rationalistic' method of rejecting miracles on the ground of impossibility is, however, absolutely irrational and theoretically unjustifiable; for, once we accept the 'immanent' concept, which views a miracle as a natural but supernormal event, all real difficulty as to the inherent reasonableness and possibility of such phenomena disappears.

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## SOLVING A GREAT FINANCIAL PROBLEM

After three years of investigation and deliberation, the National Monetary Commission has endorsed a plan, originated by Senator Aldrich, to reform the currency, which it is claimed will avert those financial disturbances that have proved such a detriment to our prosperity in the past.

The plan is substantially the same as that which has been advocated by Wall Street bankers for past years. It has been so often described in the press that further explanation is unnecessary here, except to say that if enacted into a law the practical effect would be to transfer control of our money supply from the United States Government to the aforesaid Wall Street bankers.

The stock argument in favor of this plan is that our currency is too rigid. It contracts when it should expand, and expands when it should contract. In the late summer and fall when the crops are harvested we need more currency than in the winter and spring months, and it is at this period we need a more elastic currency. Redundancy of issue is fully as injurious as scarcity. After the crops have been marketed, usually about November 15, money becomes redundant; there is not enough demand for it in the country, and so the bankers are forced to send it to New York for investment in 2 per cent call loans. Thus money piles up in the big banks of New York and great speculation in stocks is encouraged because money is cheap. Then in the fall when the crops have to be moved, this money has to be called home. This, as Vice-Chairman Vreeland of the Monetary Commission says, means "business disturbance, high rates for money, ranging from 50 to 75 and 100 per cent." It was, so it is alleged, the failure of New York banks to pay back some \$400,000,000 thus owed to the West that caused the panic of 1907.

Now, although this theory of the cause of our financial ills is backed up by the great lights of Wall Street and the Monetary Commission, investigation will show that it is utterly false.

In the first place, the higher money rates which cause panics

do not come in the crop moving months of August and September. The highest rates for call money in the crop season since 1898 were September 29, 1902, when they reached 35 per cent, and September 3, 1906, when they reached 40 per cent. But rates have been much higher in December and January, when, according to this theory, Western money should be coming to New York for investment. These higher rates were:—1899, December 18, 186 per cent; 1905, December 28 and 29, 125 and 75 per cent; 1906, January 2 and 3, 65 and 50 per cent, and December 31, 40 per cent. The highest rates of the past generation in other months were:—1873, May and November, 277 per cent; 1884, May 1, 140 per cent; 1890, November, 186 per cent; 1893, May and July, 50 and 75 per cent; 1901, May 9, 75 per cent; and 1907, October 24, 125 per cent. These statistics are of themselves sufficient to upset the whole theory upon which the Aldrich plan is based.

Concerning the crisis of 1907, Mr. Vreeland, makes this statement: "In 1907, when people began to line up before the banks, every institution from here to the Pacific Coast, by the first mail sent on its orders to its bankers in New York to send its balances in cash. The New York banks held about \$400,000,000 of the money of other banks." It was, according to Mr. Vreeland, the refusal of these New York banks to pay back this \$400,000,000 that caused the more complete breakdown of our banking system in that year.

Now if interior banks had \$400,000,000 in New York in 1907, they must have sent it on in 1906 or before. But the situation at that time, as disclosed by the reports to the Comptroller and the different press correspondents, showed that country bankers needed every dollar at home. As Secretary Shaw said in 1906: "Banks everywhere, West as well as East, found themselves with surplus reserves exhausted." This being so, it is certain that if the "West" had any such immense sums invested in 2 per cent call loans, they would have withdrawn them before the crop season of that year.

While the Aldrich theory is largely based on the experience of 1907, the plain fact is that in that year the inflow of Western money for any purpose was actually less than previous years.

In August, 1907, the editor of *Moody's Magazine* said that "the money returned from the interior during the period preceding the beginning of the crop moving demand had been remarkably light." About the same time, John J. Mitchell, President of the Illinois Trust Co., stated that "the amount of Western money in New York was extremely small." According to W. Martin Swift, Associate Editor of *Moody's Magazine*, during the months of May, June, and July, 1907, when currency should have been rushing into New York, "the return flow from the interior was only about one-fourth of normal."

Under the significant heading of "The West now Financing Itself" in *Moody's Magazine* (September, 1907), Charles M. Harger points out that farmers were sending less money to the East than in former years. This was, first, because many of them had paid off their Eastern mortgages; and, second, because banks found abundant use for their funds nearer home.

Aside from all this, however, the money rates at the different centres are enough to show the brazen character of the talk of Western loans in New York. At two different periods in 1907 the rates for call and time money at these centres were:—

	<i>Call</i>	<i>Time</i>
February 16		
New York . . . . .	4 $\frac{3}{4}$	5-5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chicago . . . . .	6	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ -6
Philadelphia . . . . .	5	5-6
Baltimore . . . . .	6	5-6
May 1		
New York . . . . .	2	5
Chicago . . . . .	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ -6	6-6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Philadelphia . . . . .	6	6-6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Baltimore . . . . .	6	6

These rates were not peculiar to 1907. Money has been dearer at these other centres in every month of the past decade. It is a favorite maxim in Wall Street that money will go where it can earn most; but the Aldrich plan is based on the assumption that it goes where it earns the least. The truth is that there has never been a time when the West or the South had any big sums to lend to the East. On the contrary, both

sections have always been borrowers, and these published money rates are standing proofs of the fact. The only interior money that goes into Wall Street is when 'crooked' officials are speculating with bank funds, or investing it in Wall Street securities for which they get a 'rake-off' that goes into their own pockets.

Although it is thus evident that interior bankers have no big surplus of funds to lend in Wall Street, it is nevertheless true that there is a drift of money to New York from all parts of the country; and if the members of the great Monetary Commission had paid more attention to this drift, they would get a much clearer view of the cause of our financial ills than they did in all their travels throughout Europe.

#### THE REAL CAUSE OF FINANCIAL STRINGENCY

Here is a statement from the *Wall Street Journal* money article of April 25, 1908, which throws a flood of light on the subject:—

"Exchange at New York at interior cities is still strong, and at most of them is at the point which calls for shipments of currency to New York. A considerable part of the inquiry for remittances in the foreign exchange market comes from interior cities and cash has to be sent here by them for the purpose of exchange."

The remittances to buy foreign exchange here referred to represent amounts due abroad for interest, dividends, and profits on foreign capital invested in this country; tourists' expenditures and drafts sent back home by aliens temporarily residing in the United States.

#### A TRADE BALANCE HUMBUG

At one time financial experts estimated these debts and the amount due abroad for foreign freights at about \$250,000,000 yearly. As our favorable foreign trade balance for the ten years prior to 1909 averaged \$500,000,000 yearly, this should have left us \$250,000,000 to the good each year.

According to the current theory as exploited by Treasury officials and Wall Street experts, this surplus of \$250,000,000 or more was used to invest in foreign bonds, foreign under-

takings, and to buy back American securities from abroad. This gave rise to the much heralded claim that the United States had become a Creditor Nation. Addressing the Bankers Club of Chicago (March, 1901) George H. Roberts, Director of the Mint, declared that "our trade balances are so large that to attempt to collect them in cash would ruin our customers. A nation with power to amass such credits becomes of necessity an investor in all parts of the world." About the same time the New York *Times* placed our foreign credits at "several hundred millions," and this estimate was approved by Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, and by all the great bankers and financial critics of Wall Street. Now the fact that we were floating large issues of securities abroad without getting any cash in return, along with Secretary Gage's frantic efforts to relieve the money market, did not 'square' with this cheery view of the situation, and in a letter published in the *Times*, May 8, 1901, I contended that the authorities had the thing hindside foremost. Instead of Europe owing us, it was the other way. Our trade balances were not even big enough to offset our annual foreign debts; hence, so far from having any surplus left to lend abroad or to buy back securities, we were piling up a big deficit every year. It was to avert gold exports in settlement of this deficit that we were floating these securities abroad.

Just two weeks after this letter appeared in the *Times*, the financial world was startled by a dispatch from the Paris correspondent of the *Post* (May 22), to the effect that American bankers were at that time borrowing immense sums abroad. This news was scouted at first. Even the *Post* was so infected with the Creditor Nation lunacy that it refused to believe its own correspondent; but two days later the *Sun* admitted that the information was correct. It now appears that we owed Europe at that time some \$250,000,000. As financial experts had been claiming that Europe owed us about that much, they must have been \$500,000,000 out of the way in their estimate of the international money situation.

It might have been supposed that these disclosures would have led to a revised estimate of our foreign debts; but it did not. The borrowing abroad, it was explained, was done to

finance certain big speculations. January, 1902, the *Times* had what it styled the "most illuminating article ever written on the trade balance problem," by N. T. Bacon. This writer exploits the same theory that was current the year before, which asserted that our annual foreign debts for interest dues, tourists' expenses, freights, etc., did not exceed \$250,000,000 and that the surplus left from our trade balances was used to buy foreign bonds, for investment abroad, and to buy back American stocks from abroad. By this return of our stocks, it was claimed that in five years we would cancel our permanent debt abroad, which he estimated at \$1,700,000,000, and be square with the world.

Writing of our investments abroad, in *Scribner's Magazine* (January, 1902), Frank A. Vanderlip, Vice-President of the National City Bank, estimated that in the preceding four years we had bought back \$1,200,000,000 worth of our stocks. Mr. Vanderlip also repeated the boast made by Mr. George H. Roberts the year before, that as Europe could not always pay her debts to us by returning our stocks, we should soon be forced to invest our foreign credits abroad. He also predicted that New York would soon become the cheapest money market in the world.

To my request for his authority for his estimate of the return of our stocks, Mr. Vanderlip replied as follows:—

"I am in receipt of your letter and note your desire to find statistics verifying a statement I made in a recent magazine that the United States has bought back from Europe about \$1,200,000,000 of our securities. This, I regret to say, is impossible. There are no definite figures, nor is there any way in which you can set about to prove my assertion. The calculation is entirely one of estimate in which many collateral pieces of information entered."

Here we have a frank statement of this whole claim of foreign liquidation. It is a calculation based entirely on estimates, which are in turn based upon guess-work. There are no facts to prove it. There are, however, any number of facts and circumstances to disprove it.

#### FOREIGN INVESTMENTS EXCEED FOREIGN LIQUIDATION

These facts are to be found in the reports of foreign dealings in our securities since 1897. For the four years ending Decem-

ber, 1901, the excess of purchases for foreign accounts on the New York Stock Exchange aggregated 3,700,000 shares. Outside of the Exchange foreign investments in our stocks and properties aggregated \$320,000,000.

A full report of these transactions by months is given in my first article on "Trade Balances" in the *Sewanee Review*, July-October, 1903. It is the only report of such business on and off the Stock Exchange ever published.

The trend of foreign dealings in this market has been the same way in every year since 1901. It is true that in some years there was a small excess of sales on the Stock Exchange, but they were only a drop in the bucket compared with the outside investments in our securities and properties.

The reports of our borrowings abroad in May, 1901, fully confirmed my estimate of the international money situation as set forth in the *Times* two weeks before; and the net result of these transactions in our stocks in these four years tended to clinch the matter. In a second article in the *Sewanee Review*, July, 1904, I estimated these foreign debts at \$750,000,000, which was just three times as large as the current estimate. Included in this estimate was a new item that all the authorities had completely ignored—immigrants' hoards—for which I allowed \$200,000,000.

Now if these debts amounted to \$750,000,000, as I claimed, then, instead of having a surplus \$250,000,000 left from our \$500,000,000 a year trade balances, as the current theory asserted, we must have been piling up a yearly deficit of that amount.

As already stated, most of the amounts due in settlement of this deficit comes to New York from all parts of the country, and goes into the big banks with foreign connections such as the National City and First National, which are known as the Kuhn, Loeb and Morgan banks.

#### WHY WE BORROW ABROAD

If we had to settle these yearly deficits by exporting gold, it would precipitate a panic and paralyze the stock market, and so to avert such disasters the big bankers sell enough stocks abroad to offset the deficit. When they cannot sell enough stocks they

borrow abroad on finance bills and short-term notes and put up these stocks as collateral. That is the true explanation of all the huge borrowing that has been going on since 1895, when the Treasury contracted with the Morgan-Belmont syndicate to stave off the foreign demands for gold which was draining the reserve. The object was effected by borrowing abroad on railroad stocks. Where the public is befuddled in this matter is in being led to believe that it is the big financiers who owe all this money, whereas in truth it is the whole country that owes it, and these financiers are trying to prevent collection of the debts in gold by borrowing abroad in order to avert the panic which might result from any great efflux of the metal. Here are a few items that explain this matter:—

"Those most interested in our stocks being our most powerful financial leaders, may be counted upon to delay the outward movement of gold or confine it to the smallest possible limit."—*Times*, February, 1903. "The season's market for foreign exchange has, however, been managed with the greatest skill and prevention of gold exports has been made possible by a careful series of international operations in the money market."—A. D. Noyes, *Forum*, April, 1903. "Again, the big financiers who disliked to have the gold efflux reach too high a record because of the bad sentimental effect it might have on the stock market may have assisted this policy by issuing finance bills."—*Post*, June, 1904.

As these debts grew faster than our trade balance, we had to keep on pledging more stocks abroad to square the deficit. In June, 1902, we owed Europe \$500,000,000. We cancelled part of this debt by selling long term bonds. That is, we kept down the short debt by increasing the permanent debt.

During 1905-6 the fact that these debts were breeding trouble was shown by the more frequent report of our efforts to avert gold exports. As, for instance: "We have thus far issued \$80,000,000 in finance bills to avert the efflux of gold."—*Brooklyn Eagle*, July 2, 1905. "We are now borrowing abroad to check the export of gold."—*Journal of Commerce*, Nov. 11, 1905. "It was only our big borrowings abroad that checked the outflow of gold."—*Wall Street Journal*, Dec. 13, 1905.

According to the *London Economist* and *London Statist*, our borrowings in the six months prior to May 1, 1906, totaled \$500,000,000. Never before had we borrowed so much in so short a time.

There was another change for the worse about this time, when, in addition to borrowing to keep what gold we had, we began to borrow to get more from abroad. It was said that this was made necessary by increasing prosperity, but a more likely reason is that the hidden drain of gold by that part of those aliens who carry their hoards back home on their persons was making itself felt, and so we had to borrow some of it back again.

#### THE PANIC OF 1907

We kept on borrowing that year. On October 29, the *Times* stated that "we owed abroad \$750,000,000," and the debt was no smaller at the end of the year. This method of staving off the inevitable had to come to an end some time. Europe was becoming alarmed, and demanded repayment of some of the gold she had lent us that year. To avert this drain we pledged abroad over \$300,000,000 in short-term notes in the first ten weeks of 1907. Gold began to go out during the summer, however, and in the effort to stem the tide we broke down. In a way, it might be said that the March panic came through fear of a gold outflow, the August panic as a result of it, and the October panic from our failure to borrow the metal back again.

When it was seen that we had to borrow foreign gold to avert worse disaster, people began to ask what had become of our own immense stock, of which Treasury officials and Wall Street bankers had been boasting for years previous. Addressing the American Science Association, Washington (1903), United States Treasurer, Ellis H. Roberts said: "Our Treasury holds \$615,000,000 in gold. Upon such resources our currency rests, solid and impregnable. An attack on our reserves may be conceived, but it would be like besieging Gibraltar with carbines."

In his report for 1906, Mr. Roberts's successor, Charles H. Treat, said:—

"The Treasury holdings of gold continue to attract the attention of financiers both at home and abroad, and from the new

record made each year it is evident that a large share of the world's product of the precious metal comes to the United States."

This statement appears on page 14 of the report: on page 17 the Treasurer tells of the strenuous efforts of Secretary Shaw to relieve the great stringency at that time by facilitating the imports of the \$100,000,000 gold which we borrowed that year. People who placed any reliance on the frequent boasts of our gold stock must have been startled by the panic 'show-down.' The attack on our reserves, which Mr. Roberts said would be like "besieging Gibraltar with carbines," proved formidable enough to make our whole banking system collapse like a house of cards. At one time the whole resources of the United States Treasury were placed behind two institutions, but even this aid proved powerless to stay the crash.

All this made the public still more anxious to know what had become of our immense stock of gold; in his report for 1907 Geo. H. Roberts, Director of the Mint, presents a revised estimate of our stock of gold, which reduces the amount supposed to have been in general circulation by \$135,000,000. This left our total stock on June 30, 1907, at \$1,466,056,632, distributed as follows:

In United States Treasury . . . . .	\$904,359,261
In National banks . . . . .	125,013,697
In National banks clearing house certificates . . . . .	62,988,000
In other banks, and in circulation . . .	375,094,674

The estimate of the amounts "in other banks and in circulation" (\$375,094,674) is reached by assuming that only \$20,000,000 has been taken out of the country by aliens since 1873. Considering the great increase of migratory aliens since that date and the flood of American gold in Europe, this is a very wild assumption. The great increase in our gold output after 1906 led United States Treasurer Roberts to predict that the yellow coin would soon circulate as freely in this country as it does in some parts of Europe. But instead of this being the case, it is a matter of common observation that the coin has practically disappeared from circulation. Alexander Del Mar in his work on money estimates the amount of gold in general

circulation at not over \$30,000,000, and I think that even this figure is much too liberal.

But the most glaring error in this revised estimate is the assumption that all the gold in the Treasury and national banks in 1907 belonged to American citizens. The notorious fact that foreign bankers had a big lien on the metal at that time is utterly ignored. And yet the evidence of this fact is of the most positive kind. The estimate by the Paris correspondent of the *Post* (Dec. 29, 1906) that we owed Europe alone full \$600,000,000 was not disputed; and the fact that Canadian bankers were lending \$85,000,000 here on call at the same time is shown by their own reports. At the same time some \$60,000,000 of the money that Kuhn, Loeb & Co. received for the Japanese bonds in 1905 was loaned out to certain banks here in which that firm is interested. This makes a total of \$745,000,000 of our gold that really belonged to foreign bankers.

Now these foreign loans here were fully as large in June, 1907, the date of this revised estimate, as they were at the end of 1906. About the same time the lawful reserve of the national banks, according to a later report, amounted to \$701,000,000; that is, \$44,000,000 less than what these foreign bankers had loaned here. And this means that every dollar of the lawful reserve actually belonged to these foreign bankers. The banks of the United States were doing business on borrowed money. Small wonder that they collapsed.

And the essential fact to note here is that it was that part of this foreign-owned money which was held in New York banks that was being lent on call. Stock market history shows that for years previous to 1907 foreign bankers had a practical monopoly of this business. Here are a few instructive items on this point:—

"The bulk of the borrowing in this way had again been effected through the foreign exchanges, local financial institutions having withdrawn virtually from the market."—*Evening Sun*, Dec. 13, 1902. "Indeed, the chief responsibility for the great cheapness of money at this centre recently has been laid by many competent authorities at the door of foreign banking houses."—*Sun*, Oct. 24, 1904. "Had it not been for the high

bids for call and time funds for Wall Street use, gold would have gone out in large quantities."—*Sun*, Dec. 18, 1905. "The stock speculation and the banking situation would have repeatedly broken down but for borrowing from Europe."—*Post*, Dec. 30, 1905. "Two phenomena of this closing week will impress the experienced observer. First is the fact that we have borrowed more heavily abroad than ever before to sustain the speculative edifice, and have done so at the highest rates on record."—*Post*, Dec. 29, 1906. "How much European money has been sent here to be loaned on call for a few months? It is stated in banking circles that a prominent banking house having large German connections has been supplying a vast amount of foreign money."—*Journal of Commerce*, May 2, 1907.

Nowhere in these reports do we see any such proof that Western bankers were lending from \$300,000,000 to \$400,000,000 at that time. Foreign bankers were lending it all. About every dollar then in New York banks that was lent on the Stock Exchange belonged to them. They got this money, which comes to New York from all parts of the country, in settlement of these foreign debts. There is no other way by which they could possibly have got the immense sums that they have loaned here during the past decade.

When there comes a demand for gold to be shipped abroad that cannot be staved off by further borrowing, these foreign bankers have to call in their loans, and it is this that causes all the trouble. Referring to the situation on September 29, 1902, when Secretary Shaw's action averted what it is said might have been a great panic, the *World's* market report says: "High money rates, anxiety over the Louisville & Nashville deal, and calling of loans by foreign banking houses, caused another slump in Wall Street yesterday."

Here has been the starting point in every one of the great panics, and most of the near-panics in our history—"calling of loans by foreign bankers." Nowhere is there any record of the calling of loans by Western bankers having caused any such disasters.

The foreign demand for gold is always heaviest around the end of the year, because it is then that remittances are due abroad

for the largest items of our foreign debts—interest dues, and the drafts and money orders of those aliens who send their hoards back home through bankers or the post office. In 1902 the fear of gold exports on these accounts was so great that the so-called "faith cure pool" was formed to stave off the efflux. The "pool" effected its object by borrowing enough abroad to offset the demand for gold, just as they have been doing every year since. We finally came to grief in 1907 because our necessities made it impossible for us to pay back the \$100,000,000 gold that we had borrowed the year before.

#### WAS IT A CAUSELESS PANIC?

In all former crises the balance of trade in merchandise was against us; but in 1907 it was strongly in our favor. Hence this last crisis has been called "a panic without an economic cause;" and so it is assumed that it must have been due to defective currency.

But when all the facts are laid bare, when the so-called invisible balance is made visible, it is seen that there was a very good economic cause for the crisis. According to my reckoning in 1904, the actual balance of trade in all things was really against us by at least \$250,000,000 yearly, and growing. Our vast stock of paper money was based on gold, of which we produce about \$70,000,000 yearly. But the yearly deficit amounted to more than three times that sum, and we did all this borrowing to keep the gold in the country. As already stated, every dollar of gold in the national banks in 1907 (\$701,000,000) was owed to foreign bankers. It really belonged to them. Here was cause enough for a panic without making a scapegoat of the impossible Western money lender.

#### PANIC REVELATIONS

The notion that there was no economic cause for the trouble is of course based on the assumed correctness of the Vanderlip-Bacon estimate that the actual balance of trade was in our favor to the extent of at least \$250,000,000. Since the panic, however, many pieces of evidence have come to light which settle beyond all dispute the question as to which estimate was nearest the truth.

The first piece of evidence comes from Postmaster General Von Meyer. Referring to the existing stringency, he mentioned as one cause the drain of cash by aliens, who in 1907 had sent away \$70,000,000 through the post office. And this amount he said was but a fraction of the total drain; for much larger amounts went through foreign bankers and on the persons of returning aliens. More definite knowledge on the same subject came through an official report on Immigrant Banks by the Immigration Bureau, in which the total drain was placed at \$275,000,000.

This was indeed a revelation to the public, as some authorities had insisted that there was a net gain on this account. At one time the *Post* quoted foreign bankers to the effect that aliens brought in more money than our tourists spent abroad; while the *Financial Chronicle* estimated that they brought in \$50,000,000 yearly. As late as 1904, when I placed this drain at \$200,000,000, the *Wall Street Journal* claimed that aliens brought in more than they took away. After the panic this same paper quoted an Italian banker to the effect that in the twelve months to April, 1908, Italians had taken away \$400,000,000. Well, if they took away only one-fourth of that amount and other aliens took the same proportion, it would sufficiently account for the singular disappearance of cash that year.

More pieces of evidence have come to light in regard to our permanent debt abroad, and the items of interest dues, tourists' expenses, etc. Before the panic, every authority on trade balances exploited foreign liquidation of American stocks as a cause of our failure to import in settlement of such balances. In Wall Street the claim that we were thus rapidly reducing our permanent debt abroad was a popular argument for every boom in prices. Mr. Vanderlip, in 1902, predicted that the time was not far distant when Europe would hold no more of our stocks. Mr. Bacon, as already noted, placed this permanent debt in 1902 at \$1,700,000,000 and he predicted that in five years it would be wiped out. What are the facts?

In an article on "Trade Balances" issued by the Monetary Commission (mind you), Mr. George Paish, editor of the *London Statist*, estimates this permanent debt, which according to

Messrs. Vanderlip and Bacon should have been wiped out, at \$5,000,000,000, and growing. This estimate had since been accepted as authoritative by the editor of the *London Times*, and other foreign critics. There is good reason to believe, however, that even Mr. Paish's figures are too low; nevertheless, what he admits is sufficient, because before the panic he was one of the most persistent exploiters of the Vanderlip-Bacon claim of an immense foreign liquidation of American stocks.

Mr. Paish claims also that American corporations have \$1,500,000,000 invested in foreign undertakings, but in the same breath he admits that a portion of the capital has been furnished by foreign investors. This confirms the view which I expressed in the *Sewanee Review* in 1904, that most of the managers of these undertakings were merely agents and representatives of foreign capital.

A still more surprising piece of evidence comes from Wall Street by way of Texas. In an address on National Extravagance before the State Bankers' convention at El Paso (May, 1901) Mr. Joseph T. Talbert gave out a few statistics which must have made certain financial experts gasp for breath. Mr. Talbert sets out to explain why it is that in the past decade we have received so little cash in settlement of enormous exports of merchandise. His explanation is that while our favorable trade balances have averaged \$511,000,000 for the decade ending with 1908, our annual foreign debts were as follows:

Expenditures of Americans abroad . . .	\$200,000,000
Foreign freight charges, etc. . . . .	300,000,000
Interest, dividends, and profits on foreign capital and remittances of immigrants .	400,000,000
Total . . . . .	<hr/> \$900,000,000

If, say \$175,000,000 of the amount allowed for freights were added to the items of interest dues and aliens' hoards, it would, I think, be much nearer the truth. But even as they stand, the figures are of deep significance. For Mr. Talbert is Vice-President of the National City Bank, of which Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip is now President. Ten years ago Mr. Vanderlip estimated the item of interest dues at \$100,000,000. But if there had

been this immense foreign liquidation that he talked about, our permanent debt abroad should have been wiped out and with it this item of interest dues. But now we find that this item, along with aliens' hoards, which Mr. Vanderlip apparently never heard of, amounts to \$400,000,000; that is, according to Mr. Talbert's calculation. And even his estimate is much too small. Again, as to the total of these debts, which according to Mr. Vanderlip were but \$250,000,000, and growing smaller, we now find them placed at \$900,000,000, and growing larger all the time.

Now as these latest estimates have not been disputed by Mr. Vanderlip or any other authority of equal prominence, we have a right to assume that they are not too high; and hence it follows that my estimates of 1904, that the debts totaled \$750,000,000 and growing, is fully confirmed. Hence, too, it follows that the great lights of the financial world — those Treasury experts, Wall Street bankers, and financial writers who exploited the \$250,000,000 estimate were some \$500,000,000 out of the way in their figures for that period. And it is these same parties who made the colossal blunder that has inaugurated the campaign of education for the Aldrich plan.

And this admitted fact that we have been running behind several hundred millions every year, affords the only rational solution of certain problems and paradoxes in our financial history. First, it explains why it is that the United States, with a greater per capita circulation and a greater banking power than any other in the world, is forced to borrow from these other countries to avert severe financial disturbances. And second, it explains why the United States, which produces more gold than England, France, and Germany combined, is yet forced to borrow the metal from these countries to bolster up her money market. We were producing an average of \$80,000,000 gold, but we were also running behind about three times that amount.

A third problem here solved is the concentration of money at New York. As already stated, the Aldrich theory of inelasticity is based on the assumption that this concentration is due to the inflow of redundant interior funds. But along with the other evidence which I have cited, the bald fact that call and time money rates are so much higher at Chicago and other interior

centres effectually disposes of that assumption. For no Western banker would, in his sober senses, send his money to New York to be invested in 2 per cent call loans if he could get 3 or 4 per cent in Chicago or in other centres.

That this concentration is really due to the inflow of funds in settlement of these debts is proved by the fact that most of it flows into banks with foreign connections, such as the National City, and First National Banks. It is also proved by the fact, so frequently noted in Wall Street market reports, that foreign bankers are making all the call and time loans on the Stock Exchange. And, finally it is more conclusively proved by the fact of all this foreign borrowing since 1901. The fact that at the end of 1906 we owed Europe \$600,000,000, the Bank of Japan \$60,000,000, and Canadian banks \$85,000,000 was duly reported in the New York papers at the time. Foreigners sent us that year \$100,000,000 in gold. But where did the other \$645,000,000 come from? The only answer is that it came from all parts of the United States in settlement of these debts.

This is the only explanation of the source of these foreign loans here that has ever been given to the public. No Aldrich theorist has ever even attempted to explain the mystery. Instead, they carefully avoid all mention of the subject, and ascribe our woes to the want of a central bank. Thus Charles A. Conant, referring to "Isolation of Reserves," points out that "in 1907 the total stock of gold in this country was \$1,466,000,000 while France had only \$926,000,000. On August 22, 1907, the national banks alone held \$701,000,000, and the Bank of France had no more." Then he goes on to show how the banks began locking up their gold and notes, with the result that "the monetary system broke down" and the banks suspended payment because the metallic reserve of the country was so hopelessly sub-divided as to be useless." The object of all this is to prove that if we had an institution like the Bank of France, the crisis of 1907 would never have happened. But the statistics cited are grossly misleading. In the first place the estimate of our total gold stock assumes that we have \$375,000,000 in general circulation; while, as I have already shown, there is very good reason for believing that there is not over

\$30,000,000 outside of the Treasury and national banks. But the worst mistake is in regard to the ownership of the gold in our national banks and the Bank of France. As is well known, every ounce of gold in the latter institution belongs to it; no other country had a lien on the treasure. But it was quite the reverse with the metal reserves in our national banks. For, unless all the reports of those big foreign loans here were a pack of lies, the banks of Europe, Canada, and Japan had a lien on every ounce of the \$701,000,000 gold in our national banks on January 1, 1907.

#### THE TRUE CAUSE OF FINANCIAL STABILITY

Further study of comparative statistics shows very clearly that France owes her greater financial stability to something more than a central bank. France, as is well known, draws an immense income from the army of foreigners who flock to Paris to enjoy the pleasures of that great city. Other immense sums accrue from the investments of French capital abroad. French experts estimate the total gain from these two sources at \$850,000,000. On the other side of the account France has an adverse balance of trade which in 1907 amounted to \$120,000,000. Deducting this outgo from the income as above stated, we find that France was \$730,000,000 ahead in the year 1907. Turning to the United States we see that in that year we had a favorable trade balance of \$500,000,000. But against this balance there were these annual foreign debts which I calculate had grown from \$750,000,000 in 1904 to \$850,000,000 in 1907, leaving us with a deficit of \$350,000,000. This is the whole case in a nutshell. France was financially sound because she was \$730,000,000 to the good, while the United States was financially rotten because she was \$350,000,000 to the bad. In these few statistics we find the solution of the several problems: Why France, which produces no gold, has millions of it to lend; while the United States, which produces more gold than all Europe, is forced to borrow the metal from Europe to bolster up her money market;—Why France is the world's banker, and why the United States is not.

But the advocates of the Aldrich plan seek to hide this great fact from public view, and all their arguments are intended to

prove that the main trouble is with the home money market, Western bank loans, and crop finance. The state of the international money market is treated as a minor factor — indeed in most of the arguments it is completely ignored. In March, 1908, the *Annals of the American Academy of Science* had no less than eighteen articles on the panic of 1907 by Lyman J. Gage, Jacob H. Schiff, and other eminent authorities, but not one of these writers mentioned these foreign debts, or the international money situation as being the disturbing factor in the crisis. This omission is also noticeable in the address of those orators who are conducting the "campaign of education" for the Aldrich plan. All of our financial woes are attributed to crop finance, and Western loans here, and there seems to be a quiet agreement to let this other side of the question severely alone. Thus in Mr. Gage's article on crop finance I find this statement:—

"Such a crisis was reached in the early autumn months of 1907. It was precipitated by calls from the interior for money to move the crops. Response to these calls had weakened the foundation of cash reserves in New York banks."

Considering the amount of cash actually sent from New York on this account each year, the assumption that crop financing caused the trouble is sheer nonsense. For the four years ending with 1905 the amount of money sent out during August and September was as follows: 1902, \$20,000,000; 1903, \$30,000,000; 1904, \$70,000,000; 1905, \$55,000,000. I have no figures for later years, but from the statements elsewhere quoted, and also from Secretary Cortelyou's statement, that "prior to this crisis" (October 24) "the shipments of currency to the West by eastern banks to move the crops has been small," it is safe to say that not over \$20,000,000 left New York in August and September of that year for the crop movement. I risk this figure against Congressman Vreeland's estimate of "several hundred millions" as the amount required to move the crops in that year.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Information just received from *Dun's Review* shows that during August and September, 1907, the net movement of currency from New York to the interior was less than \$9,000,000.

Now the aid given to the market by the Treasury alone was enough to offset the crop demand. But the market had received aid from the same source months before the crop season opened. And even this aid was nothing compared with that given by foreign bankers, which in the first ten weeks of 1907 amounted to \$300,000,000. We kept up this borrowing throughout the year and in each month the amount thus borrowed was more than twice what was needed to move the crops.

After the March panic there was the usual crop of explanations of its cause, including one from Mr. Gage himself, but no one attributed the trouble to interior demands. Even the August panic, right in the crop season, was not charged to such demands.

The best evidence in the matter is the stock and money market reports which I have quoted, and they fully sustain the conclusion, already reached in this article, that the international money situation was the chief disturber. In every week of that eventful year the great struggle was to stave off gold exports in settlement of these debts, as for instance: "It is believed here that New York may escape heavy gold exports after all, by putting out finance bills and resorting to what London calls 'hole and corner borrowing.'"—London dispatch to *Post* (May 25, 1907). We did put out more finance bills, but not enough to avert the loss of \$30,000,000 gold and the August panic. Later on, it became evident that we were approaching worse disaster, thus: "Foreign exchange seems to control the situation. This because of the refusal of European bankers to discount American finance bills." "The foreign Exchange market, the key to the situation."—*Wall Street Journal*, Oct. 11 and 12, 1907.

As to the reason why "European bankers refused to discount our finance bills," the unanimous testimony of these bankers themselves is that our previous borrowings had created general alarm in foreign centres. The last statement here quoted, "The foreign exchange market, the key to the situation," explains the first cause of all our great panics since 1837. For every such panic was precipitated by the outflow of gold; and most of the near-panics were due to the dread of such a movement. As to 1907 there is not a particle of proof that the recall

of Western loans precipitated the crisis. There is no mention in any reports in the whole of that year of such loans being called on the Stock Exchange. Foreign exchange was the one disturbing factor throughout the whole year. And it was made the one disturbing factor by these foreign debts.

#### A THEORY BUILT ON A FABRIC OF LIES

A summary of the foregoing financial history shows: (1) That the West has no surplus funds to spare for 2 per cent call loans; (2) That the highest money rates are not in the crop season at all; (3) The concentration of this money at New York which is invested in calls, results from a settlement of these foreign debts; (4) It is the foreign demand for gold forcing banks to call in this money that causes the highest rates and panics; (5) Calling in of alleged Western loans to move crops never yet caused a panic.

If further evidence is needed to show that the Aldrich theory is based on a bald misstatement of facts, it is furnished by the experience of the past year. In August and September, when according to Messrs. Gage and Vreeland, the recall of Western loans should have been breeding 125 per cent money and panics, rates were 2-2½ per cent. December 2, when money should have been cheaper, it rose to 6 per cent, and the banks here reported the first deficit since 1907. December 9 this deficit was wiped out, but it was done by borrowing abroad on finance bills, etc. And the chances are that in the next few months, instead of the cheaper rates predicted by these experts, money will be dearer, and there will be the usual borrowing abroad to avert gold exports in settlement of these debts.

A careful study of financial history during these next few months will, I am confident, fully confirm the views herein set forth.

W. H. ALLEN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## "CITIZEN DILKE"

The 'newspaper public,' which dearly loves gossip,—though stoutly denying the fact the while!—coupled the name of Charles Wentworth Dilke only with a certain divorce action, malodorous enough not to be quite forgotten even in the twenty-five years that have passed since it was before the English courts. So, when the closing days of January brought the brief dispatch of his death, in the Sloane Street house, London, where he had been born some sixty-eight years ago, there was but the scantiest attention paid to the message which ran between the lines, though it was a message of the passing of one of the present-day world's ablest statesmen and wisest 'pacifists.' Sir Charles himself first fastened that final word on his own broad shoulders by his persistent and consistent labors in behalf of international arbitration, coining the term in one of his many speeches on the subject, at Manchester, just at the end of the South African war; and, only the other day it seems, he gave it his final endorsement in the course of an interview in Paris. Announcement had been made of the permanent annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by the Dual Monarchy. Europe could see nothing ahead but international battle, murder, and sudden death, and an alarmist sheet in the French capital seized the chance of Dilke's presence there to add fuel to this Continental fire,—only Sir Charles produced cold water instead of the hoped-for oil, and his sane views, for that once at least, did not a little to keep the public press within safe bounds of statement and prediction. On such subjects as treaties, diplomatic relations, and the like, he spoke by the book; few publicists of his generation were better informed of all such matters than this far-seeing but cautious, convinced and convincing laborer in behalf of world peace. The cause which Mr. Carnegie has so energetically and practically backed has lost a leader to be mourned in Charles Dilke.

On the other hand (or may it not perhaps have been because of this, and not in spite of it, that he was a 'pacifist'?), few men in all England, and not one on the Liberal side of the

House, where he sat for more than forty years, were as well informed as he on whatever bore upon the armies of the world in general and of Great Britain in particular. Two of the eight volumes which bear his name dealt with this subject, marked, as was all that the man set to paper, by exact thinking and a marvelous grasp of detail. By one of these, his *Greater Britain*, he will probably be best known and longest remembered. It was in '66, when he was, as mere years counted, only a youth of twenty-three, that he started round the world to gather material for the book. He visited Canada and "The States," travelled then *via* Panama to Australasia, north to Ceylon and India, west to Egypt, and so home again, where the published work, bearing date of 1868, achieved an immediate and immense success. At that time the subject was new to the majority of readers, and it had been treated with all the freshness of a young man's point of view without any of the immaturity of thought which might have been expected.

Speaking of Dilke at the time of his death, the late Moberly Bell, of the famous old *Thunderer*, said: "He never wasted an hour, his habit of observation was not only keen but actually intuitive, he read practically everything he came across, and he forgot nothing that he had either seen or read." If this was true, as in large part it was, of the author of the *Greater Britain*, it grew increasingly true with the passing years of the member of the House of Commons. As his experience widened and his reading deepened, he came to be an antagonist worthy of any man's intellectual steel.

When he started on the globe-circling trip already referred to, he was fresh from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where the visitor may still see, in the ancient library, the iron rods set between the shelves in the cases to which the books were chained when Holinshed and Gardiner were undergraduates there, with *Chronicles* and bishoprics not yet dreamed of. Then, with his manuscript in the publisher's hands, he carried into the eloquent shades of the Middle Temple the legal studies which had been begun in the university town on the placid little Cam, but the barrister never had enough practice to be worth the name. Before that first twelve-month had passed, he was hurried into

the current of public life, being returned from Chelsea — only twenty-five, handsome, rich, and a baronet. It was those salad days which earned him the title of "Citizen Dilke," for he was "Republican" through and through, devoting his maiden speech to the theme of doing away with the Civil List, frankly declaring that the monarchy was costing the land too much. In those days, too, Sir Charles and Joseph Chamberlain were sworn allies, hunting in couples invariably, and by that same friendship there hangs an interesting tale. For, when Mr. Gladstone formed his second administration in 1880 on the resignation of Beaconsfield, he had been so impressed by the Chelsea member's ability, that, in very spite of his intense disapproval of the man's earlier radicalism (by that time somewhat toned down, however), he sent for him to talk over the cabinet situation and possibilities. To the "Grand Old Man's" amazement, as the story is related in Viscount Morley's monumental *Life and Letters*, Sir Charles declined to serve in any capacity whatever unless Mr. Chamberlain were also invited to the board; "the Premier might make his choice between them, and with either in the Cabinet, the other would accept a subordinate post. In the end the lot fell on Mr. Chamberlain, who took office at the Board of Trade, his confederate going in as Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office."

Soon after, however, his talents raised him to full Cabinet rank as President of the Local Government Board, where his work was as congenial as it was valuable. His mastery of the most intricate detail, which Lord Morley calls "unrivalled," there found amplest employment. He did much to give that particular office the importance which it has now come to possess, while his power of sustained industry and his interest in those social questions then coming to the front gained him a hold over the Commons which he retained to the very end of his career. It was from him that English women obtained the only franchise they as yet have, the vote in municipal elections, and it was by his aid that the working-class elector of the metropolis saw his opportunities of going to the poll increased by two hours. Three several times he served as Chairman of as many Royal Commissions, on one,—that which debated the pros and cons of the housing problem,—being such other members as the then Prince

of Wales, later Edward VII, Lord Salisbury, and Cardinal Manning. When he fell with his chief in '85, he was probably the most trusted man of leadership calibre in the Radical section of the Liberal Party.

It was not surprising, these being the facts, that a good part of England should have been then referring to Sir Charles as "the next Premier after the G. O. M."—but Destiny with her silent, secret feet, was running him down. That same year brought suddenly into the papers one of those scandalous mysteries which occasionally subtract from their country's service some of her most brilliant sons. In the *cause célèbre* begun by the remarkable confession of Mrs. Crawford, unlike the cases of Parnell and White, the charges (against Dilke) were never conclusively proven (that is, from the strictly legal point of view) and he always denied them. But, none the less, he had to disappear from public life for a time, while the door of office was "banged, bolted, and barred" to him forever.

Six years afterward, accepted as a candidate by the miners of the Dean Division of Gloucestershire, and by them returned to St. Stephen's, he once more became an important factor in "the most exclusive club in all London," though now seated on the front bench below the gangway. It could scarcely have been otherwise. His energy was untirable and his knowledge encyclopædic. The firm mouth and erect, well-knit figure indicated will power, the faculty of rapid decision, and abnormal bodily vigor. No man through all the length and breadth of the "tight little, right little island" was more turned to for advice in matters of European diplomacy.

All in all, so close an observer of the *genus M. P.*, as T. P. O'Connor has not hesitated to call Dilke, "the most extraordinary member of the House;" this for two reasons. In the first place, he attended sessions as assiduously in the fortieth year of his service as in the first; and, in the second place, he spoke to any subject in which he was interested, or on which he felt himself informed, whether the hour was early or late, and whether or no there was an audience. Long ago he said that no conscientious parliamentarian could do less; be the House full or empty, every true word, give it only a bit of time, would reach its mark.

It is not then to be wondered at that his constituents had the staunchest faith in him, as was shown, indeed, in a far from usual incident of the last general election, when Sir Charles, instead of going before them to speechify in the customary way, merely had distributed this address, probably the briefest thing of its sort ever penned:—

Gentlemen:— I solicit with confidence the renewal of your trust. Believe me, Your devoted servant,  
Charles Wentworth Dilke.

And the trust was renewed.

Throughout his career, Dilke played a considerable part in London journalism, writing often and ably for the *Standard's* editorial page, as well as for *The Athenæum*, which along with *Notes and Queries* had been founded by his grandfather and which he himself owned at his death. Such work he held as pure recreation, however, ranking it quite with his rapier fencing and his rowing. In the last-named sport he found his chiefest play, and scarce a day through August or September but he was to be seen on the river near Walton or Shepperton. One wiseacre of the neighborhood knew this to his gain; he never failed to meet and greet him on his birthday,— September 4th. Once Sir Charles asked him how he came by his memory for unimportant dates. The fellow grinned. "Height years ago, or was hit nine?" said he; "ye gave me a shilling to drink 'ealth with. Well, Hi made a note of hit hon the kitchen mantle-shelf, and now that Hi come to think of hit" (this last with much show of earnest reflection) "ye've done that same hevery year sence." So the 'pacifist' did it again.

Whether or not Sir Charles's case offers another instance of those spasmodic attacks of excessive virtue, to which England, according to Lord Macaulay's dictum in his essay on Byron, is periodically subject, it is certain that his recovery of so much of the public confidence as was his in his later years was due not wholly to his splendid talents, but particularly to the beautiful loyalty of a woman, Emilia Frances Pattison, then the widow of Mark Pattison, the scholar—rector of Lincoln College. Dilke had long been a close friend of both, and, when the great Oxon-

ian died in '84, it was rather generally anticipated that Mrs. Pattison would some day become Lady Dilke; no engagement had been announced, however, at the time that the Crawford suit was instituted. In the spring of that eventful year, Mrs. Pattison had gone out to India, to visit Lady Mountstuart Grant-Duff, whose husband was then Governor of Madras, and it was there that she heard by cable of the charges likely to be brought against Sir Charles. Instantly she decided to show her confidence in him by making public their engagement, returning almost at the same time to London, where the two were married in October. One need not know the right or wrong which lay behind the scandal itself, to recognize here as admirably an example of trust and affection as could well be imagined. It had large weight in persuading public opinion to suspend judgment for that time, and it was always recalled as perhaps the strongest card which Dilke held — in a hand that never seemed much more than weak. All that is past, however; the man's death fitly set to it the period of the "Nil nisi bonum mortuis." If guilty, he bore his punishment with dignity and submission; if innocent, his life was one of the tragedies of the times.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

## BOOK REVIEWS

**THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.** By James Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. pp. xvii+642; vii+962.

From a comparison of the latest edition of this political classic with the third published in 1894, it appears that four new chapters have been introduced in the second volume, but without change in the original plan of the book. The first deals with the dangers involved in the large influx of immigrants of an increasingly objectionable character who have been arriving in recent years from Central and Southern Europe (XCII). The second strikingly presents the results of the author's study of the negro question since the last edition of his work appeared. This chapter clearly outlines the rapid industrial development of the South and indicates the hopeful advance being made by the negroes themselves (XCV). A very impartial account of the acquisition of trans-marine dominions by the United States is given in another of the chapters displaying a sympathetic understanding of the resultant problem and the manner in which they are being dealt with by a government whose constitution contained no express provision with reference to such territories (XCVII). The last of the new chapters is concerned with the remarkable growth in late years of American colleges and universities and contains the implied warning that the time has come for intensive rather than extensive development (CIX). A concluding chapter on "The Future of Political Institutions," although carefully revised, will be found to contain few if any changes in the views expressed twenty years ago, a fact which only emphasizes the clearness of the author's vision when his opinions were first made public. The entire book has been thoroughly revised, evidences of which are noticeable in nearly every chapter where changes in the statistical data have brought the facts up to the present time. A valuable addition, also, is that made at the ends of particular chapters by means of supplementary notes, often covering several pages, in which the author's views are expressed in the light of present conditions. Important supplements of this character are those dealing with

the merits of the federal system (XXX), the recent tendencies in state legislation (XLIV), the developments in state governments (XLVI), recent legislation relating to primaries, and an interesting discussion of the "perversions" of the party system and the remedies which have been applied in late years (LXXV). Slight changes are noticed in the appendices, new material in the form of extracts from the constitution of Oklahoma being introduced to replace the sections of the older edition relating, respectively, to the federal system of English universities and the provisions in state constitutions limiting the taxing and borrowing powers.

Among the many valuable comments of the author upon recent and current problems none are more timely than those pointing to the growing importance of the things which the federal government does in contrast with those which the states do; the necessity for federal legislation looking to the conservation of natural resources, including the development of internal waterways and the control and distribution of water power; the increasing need for more uniform legislation with reference to such subjects as child labor, sanitation, divorce, mining and industrial accidents; the proper control of railroads, and of large industrial and trading corporations; and the difficulty in securing these needed reforms, whether by judicial interpretation or by actual amendment of the constitution. The conclusion is that the solution of these and similar problems "presages some further extension of federal authority" (Vol. I, p. 595). While in state legislation private interests still have too much power in securing the kind of laws they want, it is interesting to note Mr. Bryce's opinion that sufficient progress has been made to render the outlook hopeful. But he clearly points to the need of the separation of private, or local, and personal legislation, from general public legislation by some such useful method as that applied in a quasi judicial manner in England and with promising results in New York under the plan of public utilities commissions. It appears that state legislatures within the last twenty years "have not declined any further in intellectual quality and are on the whole less open to moral censure than they were" (Vol. I, p. 584). The tendency

of the people to turn away from the legislative branch of government in both the cities and the states and to vest the executives with wider powers of discretion is impliedly favored by the author over those "highly democratic institutions," the initiative and the referendum. Recent primary laws are discussed at some length. Their complexity is urged as a serious defect, making it possible in too many cases, it is feared, for the professional politician to reinstate the machine, because no one but an expert can master the intricacies of the primary laws. A second set of elections in the form of primaries is objectionable, also, because of the additional expense thrown upon the candidates and the state; the limitation of the freedom of the voter in requiring a declaration of party affiliation is of questionable expediency. The force which Mr. Bryce believes will have great influence for good is public opinion, "impatient of machine rule and sensitive to scandals." Out of many measures aimed at a recognized evil one form of correction may ultimately approve itself as the best. "The sky is brighter than in 1894" (Vol. II, p. 247).

Mr. Bryce, preëminently an expositor and not an advocate of particular institutions or reforms, avoids broad generalizations. He has consequently found it necessary to alter few if any of the opinions expressed twenty years ago. In his own words, he avoids "the temptations of the deductive method." He presents simply the facts in the case, letting them speak for themselves rather than pressing upon the reader his own conclusions. The longer anyone studies a vast subject "the more cautious in inferences does he become" (Vol. I, p. 4). While no other foreign critic has commented upon American institutions with an equal degree of sympathetic understanding or with a greater degree of accuracy than has Mr. Bryce, it is not from his work that specific remedies for particular evils can be drawn. To him the American Commonwealth is not primarily the ideal democracy that it was to Alexis de Tocqueville early in the last century, but rather a fascinating field for analysis and study. Quite different, too, is Mr. Bryce's point of view and spirit from that of another profound student of American institutions, M. Ostrogorski, a new edition of whose work, *Democracy and the*

*Party System in the United States*, has appeared within the year. To the latter the evils of the party system utterly condemn it. To Mr. Bryce the conditions, admittedly evil, do not warrant the advocacy of so radical a remedy. He prefers to leave the building of theories to others, but no more reliable basis upon which to build could be found than that so ably laid in his great commentary, which has exerted so large an influence in encouraging scientific investigation and in promoting reasonable action.

R. GRANVILLE CAMPBELL.

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IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. By Euripides. OEDIPUS REX. By Sophocles.  
Translated by Prof. Gilbert Murray. The Oxford University Press.

In these days when a knowledge of the Greek language is becoming every day more confined to a narrow circle of specialists—when even a smattering of Greek is no longer an essential part of a liberal education—good translations from the classics become more important. We cannot afford to lose our hold upon Greek literature and art. They are the one perfect inheritance of mankind, the everlasting examples of faultless taste combined with creative power. Great works have been produced that owed nothing to their influence, though it is not likely that any work of art or literature produced in Europe or America within two thousand years would be what it is, had Greece never lived. But the further we get from Greece, the further we get from perfection of form, from serenity and justness of view. However wildly we may break away from what we may deem the burdensome shackles of classic art, the time is sure to come when we return to its everlasting models as the true standards, both for form and substance. Sometimes we imitate them too slavishly; but if we get too far away we are sure to sink into formlessness and unreason. They are a beacon that we should keep ever before our eyes. We may wander in pleasant paths of dalliance, but as long as that beacon is in sight, we know in which direction we can find the road to safety.

It is a misfortune not to know Greek. Every one who loves perfection of form should study it; but the mastery of a language so remote from our own demands long and patient labor,

and there are few who, in our hurried modern life, have either the time or the patience for such a task. Still, we must not lose our hold on Greek culture; and for most of us the only hope is in the translator. He who translates well one of the great classics of Hellas is a benefactor of our race whose name should not be forgotten. Some years ago Professor Gilbert Murray, now of Oxford, took up the translation of Euripides; and he has translated a number of the Euripidean dramas with a felicity that must make them English classics. His medium is the rhymed heroic line, which seems hopeless when we consider how stiff and lifeless the mighty epics of Homer appear when clothed by Pope in that artificial garb. For the purpose of drama it seems even more inappropriate. But in Professor Murray's hands it acquires an unexampled flexibility. The rhyme does not hamper the movement of the verse any more than the necessity of keeping time with the music hampers the grace of the dancer. The verse seems as free as prose, yet the rhyme is delightful to the ear. We feel that if Euripides had written in English, it is thus that he would have expressed himself. All other translations of his works are superseded by these, which are so felicitous that they are not likely ever to be surpassed.

To the modern taste, Euripides is the most attractive of all the Greek tragedians, and judging by the number of his plays preserved, we may believe that he was the most popular in later days among the ancients. He lacks the sublimity of Æschylus, the restrained perfection of form of Sophocles; but he is far more human. His plays speak to the great sympathetic heart of humanity, which is the same through all the ages, and they teach us that the men and women of Greece were, after all, strangely like the men and women of to-day. He is particularly the poet of women, making a woman and her woes nearly always the centre of interest, in striking contrast with his great rivals, who wrote for men only, and whose female characters are of subordinate interest. Some of these women are terrible, like Medea; but mostly they fill us with sympathy, even the ill-starred Phædra; while some of them, such as Alcestis and Iphigenia in Aulis, are unsurpassed in the beauty of their characters. And the poet who devoted his genius to the delineation

of woman could not be blind to the chief passion that she inspires and the one that she feels the most. Love, which Æschylus and Sophocles deemed unworthy of a place upon the stage, is most often the mainspring of the Euripidean tragedy, and brings it close to the drama of to-day.

The choruses of Euripides are of a peculiar and haunting beauty. They are not dithyrambic and gorgeous, like those of Æschylus. They are not closely interwoven with the action, like those of Sophocles. They are exquisite gems of lyric poetry that can often be detached from the play with no loss of charm. The singular fluency of Professor Murray, which enables him to make translations that have all the appearance of springing from his own mind and which yet preserve their fidelity to the original, enables him to present the lovely lyrics in most delightful form.

The last of Professor Murray's translations from Euripides is the *Iphigenia in Tauris*. This is hardly a tragedy according to our modern conceptions, since all ends well in the healing of Orestes and the return of Iphigenia to her Grecian home; but it is a noble play, full of beauty and sustained power. The author has been much abused for bringing in Athena to save the fugitives; but, as Professor Murray justly says, we must remember that the drama was written for an Athenian audience, who delighted to see their tutelary goddess appear as the protector and preserver, who believed in her existence and loved to witness the manifestations of her beneficence. He might as well have let the Greeks succeed in their attempt to escape. He brings them back merely to show the power and goodness of Athena, to please his audience. It is not a want of structural skill. He does not through incapacity get his people into a fix from which only a god can extricate them, as has been suggested often. He purposely creates a situation where the favorite object of Athenian worship may appear to advantage.

Professor Murray has turned aside from his chosen task to translate the *Oedipus Rex* of Sophocles. Here we are in a different field. The greater severity and self-restraint of the dramatist are apparent at a glance. Instead of the luxurious style of Euripides we have a work clear-cut as chiseled marble. Rhyme,

which adds so much to our comprehension of the luscious style of the younger man, is here less essential. We feel that with blank verse alone the translator might produce his full effect. We are sure that in any other hands than those of Professor Murray rhyme would prove an offence. He handles his verse with such skill, however, that the rhyme is only an ornament, though perchance one that is unnecessary. We cannot claim for his translation of the *Oedipus* the unquestioned supremacy that belongs to his versions of Euripides. Still, we believe it is the best that has appeared in English. Certainly it is most readable. We slip from scene to scene, watching the unfolding of the tremendous plot, and before we are aware of it we are at the end, following the blind king as he staggers despairing from the scene of his unwitting crimes. As the *Oedipus Rex* is the most perfect in form of the ancient tragedies, this delightful translation of it is indeed a boon. Before Professor Murray returns to his beloved Euripides, let us hope that he will give us an inspired version of the greatest of all the Greek tragedies — indeed, the greatest of all tragedies, unless it be *Macbeth* — the *Agamemnon*.

GEORGE B. ROSE.

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EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS. By G. Stanley Hall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1911.

On picking up the two volumes comprising this work the reader's first impression is that the author might have said what he had to say in fewer words. After reading a few chapters he is convinced that his first impression was right. Once reconciled, however, to the luxury of the language, one has no trouble to find ideas, plenty of them, and there is never any doubt about the meaning. The style is clear, ornate, and entertaining. If the reader is in no hurry he will enjoy all of it. He will not agree with everything said. It is doubtful if the author expected people to believe all he said. He seems to indulge in the sort of oratorical extravagance which seeks by long sweeps to move through short distances; and perhaps this is justifiable.

If it were not for the introduction it is difficult to say whether the reader would think that the outlook for humanity was hope-

ful or discouraging. In the introduction Dr. Hall presents such an inspiring exaggeration of the progress of the past twenty-five years that the buoyancy of the beginning is sufficient to carry us over the charges of stupidity and depravity of the later pages. The prophecy that there shall be many and radical changes in the near future keeps us up while we read of the miserable conditions and practices of the present.

There are no neutral tones. The pictures are made up of the blackest shadows and the brightest high-lights. Between, there is nothing, and the reader must swing back and forth between the depraved and despicable, which now is, and the pure, noble, and beautiful, which is to be. At one moment he must be depressed by the decay of the present and at the next he must be thrilled by the grandeur of what might be, and, presto, will be, if only the pedagogic wand is waved with sufficient vigor. The panacea for earth's many and malignant maladies is sound pedagogy. No one should deny the correctness of this position, but the remedy is scarce, it is difficult to apply, and its action is often very slow. The gardener can in one season convert the stinking fertilizer into the fragrant rose, but decaying humanity is not so readily convertible. We cannot believe that the world is so dark as Dr. Hall pictures it, nor can we share with him the sanguine hopes for the great changes about to come.

Having taken the proper allowance of salt we may approach *Educational Problems* with appreciation. It is undoubtedly a great work, written by a great man, a man with an enormous amount of material at his command, a profound and comprehensive thinker. Every subject treated (and nearly every subject is treated) is handled in its full breadth. Nothing is treated superficially. No one can read the work without being made larger by it. It is not for the tyro in education, the exaggerations will do no harm to the specialist, and it will provide a large supply of solid food for a long time.

The author's ability to both criticize and appreciate is shown throughout. In the first chapter, in which he discusses the pedagogy of the kindergarten, he recognizes the limitations of Froebel's work but sees great possibilities in the kindergarten. He cleverly characterizes the *Education of Man* as a book which

"to adepts in the psychological discipline has always seemed a nondescript medley and conflation of unorganized *aperçus* (a really unreasonable book with seven seals, though it is)," but still "one of the best and most nourishing of all infant foods for novices in the speculative field, a book which will and should always be dear to women's souls, not so much for what it teaches their intellects, as because it makes them feel so profoundly the burden of the mystery of the nascent soul." He gives a timely criticism of the conservative, not to say narrow, kindergarteners who are so devoted to the crude and absurd gifts, occupations, and mother-plays of Froebel that they are unwilling to adopt the better things which are now available. He says: "Happily, the kindergarten has at last broken away from the narrow lines they prescribed for it and has entered the broad field of education."

As an example of the comprehensive view of the author we may cite the chapter on music. He regards the wind, the rain, and the thunder as the oldest musicians. Trees, brooks, insects, birds, and men came along later in succession. The music of insects is hardly amenable to the laws of pedagogy, but it may help us to conceive music as belonging in the realm of nature, and the psychogenesis of the art is a useful propædeutic to the real pedagogical discussion. Dr. Hall believes that children should learn a good collection of songs before they learn scales and note reading. "Signs and symbols and all that mentalizes should be everywhere subordinated to what emotionalizes." The music teacher who reads the chapter cannot fail to get a broader view of his work and greater respect for the subject, and also some valuable criticisms of his methods.

The chapter on the religious training of children would open the eyes and perhaps startle many of our ministers and church leaders, but it would do them good. They would either not comprehend it, or they would accelerate their speed, or fall over entirely. "Religion is for the child rather than the child for religion" is the basis of his thought. "It is by its own diminished interest in science, and in social reforms, that it has forfeited to the state its natural function of moral training."

Moral education is given a hundred and forty pages, and the pedagogy of sex even more. The conventional difficulties of

handling the latter subject are swept away and the instinctive and psychological processes involved are plainly set forth. Existing conditions are, probably, painted too black, but the normal, healthy individual is less in need of "pedagogy" than the abnormal and the morbid. It is natural and perhaps necessary for the educator as well as the physician to notice the things which need correcting. Education is most needed where nature most fails. Dr. Hall recognizes the difficulty of getting people who can or will carry out his programme for improvement, but he is avowedly writing of facts and principles and is concerned with what ought to be done and could be done, and not with administrative questions of what people are willing to do.

Industrial education and the pedagogy of the fundamental elementary subjects are treated in separate chapters. The organization and conduct of the public schools is evaluated and somewhat severely criticized. The press, missions, and various movements for social improvement are discussed in the light of modern psychology. Space will not permit even a meagre abstract of the chapters. If I may speak personally in closing, I think this is the most stimulating book I have ever read. There is not a page in it which does not make one think. He may not believe as Dr. Hall does, but think he must, and think vigorously of the deeper relations in great, vital present-day questions. The work should be in every library and should be read by many thinking men who are not specialists in education.

J. FRANKLIN MESSENGER.

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DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY: Rostand, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Pinero, Shaw, Phillips, Maeterlinck. By Edward Everett Hale, Jr. Sixth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. With Portraits. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

In a new edition of the volume devoted to dramatists of to-day Professor Hale modestly asserts that he has attempted no more than "an informal discussion of their significant work." He confesses that he has "but a very hazy idea as to what stage technique is," and he often reminds us that a statement he is making is merely an impression which he has not taken the trouble to reason out. Yet the reader feels that beneath this

unpretentious manner is a sound basis of ideas and experience. There are many touches of keen analysis, as in the discussion of the effect of realism on *Cyrano de Bergerac*; of astute discrimination, as in the comparison of Sudermann with other recent dramatists; and of critical insight, as in the inquiry into the nature of problem-plays and (at greater length) of our idea of tragedy. Professor Hale has the gift of speaking concisely, clearly, and as it were by the way, about things that are usually discussed in terms that puzzle the reader. Good examples are his definition of a mystic on page 180 and his summary and illustration of the main elements of "modern technique" on pages 108-110. What one likes about his book, in addition to the sanity of its judgments, is its presentation of essentials in language whose meaning can readily be grasped. The least convincing argument advanced is that which maintains that, apparently for some vague fundamental reason, "whatever may be the tendency and nature of the Latin races, the English and Americans do not value poetry at the theatre or anywhere else in public." It is a matter of regret (for which Professor Hale is not responsible, however) that no American was found worthy of being ranked with the dramatists discussed. The volume is provided with an index and a summary of first performances of publications.

GARLAND GREEVER.

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REMINISCENCES. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Edited by Arnold Haultain.  
New York: The Macmillan Company.

Looking back over the scenes and incidents of almost eighty years ago, it is no wonder that Goldwin Smith should have felt at times as if he were "writing of antiquity." And yet how vividly he brings these scenes and impressions before his readers. One would like to pause on his life at Oxford, where he saw Newman, Manning, Pusey, and Keble, and had among his most notable contemporaries Matthew Arnold, Freeman, Temple (afterwards Archbishop), Arthur Hugh Clough, Stanley, and Jowett; and would like to say something of his social life in London, his experiences as a journalist, his connection with public men, his Oxford professorship, his trip to America during the

Civil War, his coming to Cornell in 1868 as Professor of History, and his life in Canada, where he died almost exactly two years ago. He tells it all himself in such clear, easy, delightful style, that one must read it to appreciate it.

And yet, despite his brilliancy of mind, his candor, his fearlessness, his love of truth, the impressions we get of the man are not altogether attractive. An ardent liberal, tending often to radicalism, he had only vituperation and abuse for those who held views opposite to his own, and for his political idols he has nothing but praise. As revealed in his reminiscences, his disposition impresses one as cold and hard and altogether lacking in sympathy and tenderness, though enlivened at times by flashes of ironical humor. And his views on public questions are set forth with egotism, cocksureness, and dogmatism. To the very last he was a fighter and a worker. In 1909, at the age of eighty-six, he looked forward to a renewal of his lectures at Cornell. "That hope was suddenly blighted, that door to a happy and perhaps not unfruitful old age and exit was shut. I received a shock which ruined my intellect, my memory, my powers as a teacher." On February 2, 1910, he fell and broke his hip, and though he recovered from the accident, the end came not long afterwards.

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THE NEW LAOKOON. By Irving Babbitt. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Finding himself face to face with what he considers a new confusion of the arts, Mr. Babbitt has written this volume with the object of defining the nature, function, and limitations of the particular arts. He carries the reader quickly over a wide extent of difficult country; and the book is interesting, full of information, and at least commendable as an able effort towards clearness of thought.

## BOOK NOTES

The following works, some of which are reserved for fuller notice, have been received :

From the Macmillan Company have come four timely and important religious books: *The Moral and Religious Challenge of Our Times*, by Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin College, whose ambitious aim is "to enable the thoughtful reader to orient himself morally and religiously with reference to all the main features of the modern world." He believes that the ruling principle in ethics and religion is reverence for personality, and he traces this principle in its application to external conditions, economic, social, and political, and to the inner world of thought. Just how personality was viewed during the five centuries from the birth of Socrates to the death of Christ is set forth by President William DeWitt Hyde in the second, revised, edition of *From Epicurus to Christ*, under the new title, *The Five Great Philosophies of Life*: the Epicurean pursuit of pleasure, the Stoic law of self-control, the Platonic plan of subordination; the Aristotelian sense of proportion; and the Christian spirit of love. This volume forms an appropriate introduction to President King's. Still a different point of view is emphasized by Dean Hodges in *Everyman's Religion*, which seeks to arouse men out of their absorption in the material to an adequate perception of the mystical and the divine in the universe about them. It is a practical, stimulating, helpful exposition of what should constitute every man's religion. With these should be associated: *The Church Universal: A Restatement of Christianity in Terms of Modern Thought*, by J. J. Lanier. (The Reinicker lectures delivered at the Virginia Theological Seminary, November 7th, 8th, and 9th, 1910.)

*Essays on Russian Novelists*, by W. L. Phelps (Macmillan). "Russian fiction," declares Professor Phelps in his preface, "is like German music—the best in the world. It is with the hope of persuading some American and English readers to substitute in their leisure hours first-class novels for fourth and fifth class

that I have written this book." In an introductory chapter he sums up the Russian national character as shown in Russian fiction, emphasizing especially: the newness of Russian literature, which is like "the voice of a giant waking from a long sleep and becoming articulate;" its element of largeness, its cosmopolitanism, the perfection of its language as a means of expression, its maturity and wonderful freshness of consciousness, its love of philosophical introspection, its constant sense of suffering, its spirit of intense and almost overpowering gloom, its paralysis of will power, and finally its depths of love and sympathy, the "sign of greatest promise in their future." The novelists included in this volume are : Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, Gorki, Chekhov, Artsybashev, Andreev, Kuprin. Professor Phelps's treatment is informal, fresh, sympathetic, enthusiastic. One could hardly wish for a better, safer guide into and through this too-little-known region of present-day fiction.

*Genesis*, by Hinckley G. Mitchell (Macmillan). This little commentary belongs to the series of *The Bible for Home and School* now being issued under the general editorship of Professor Shailer Matthews of Chicago. An introduction sets forth briefly and clearly the generally accepted views as to the composite character of the book, and throughout the whole text the sources of the various chapters and verses are indicated on the margin. At the bottom of the page there are full notes, from which, however, all "processes, both critical and exegetical," are rigidly excluded. The text used is that of the Revised Version of 1881, supplemented with all important renderings in other versions. With such a commentary in hand, the reader will come to discover a new meaning and a new value in this Hebrew narrative of the origin of the world and of man and all created things.

*Anathema: A Tragedy in Seven Scenes*, by Leonid Andreyev. Authorized translation by Herman Bernstein (Macmillan). Here we find dramatically portrayed that awful sense of suffering which Professor Phelps takes to be the "corner-stone of Russian life, as it is of Russian fiction." And the same spirit of oppressive gloom seems to brood over the characters and en-

velop them in a haze of unreality and mysticism which deprives them of moral vision and robs them of will power. But pervading all, there is another spirit of yearning love and sympathy for the poor and down-trodden, of passionate, almost inarticulate inquiry into the unsolved mysteries of life. The play is full of poetic, haunting beauty of imagery and of incident, though at times it all seems too remote from daily life.

*Universities of the World*, by Charles F. Thwing (Macmillan). Having investigated many different phases of the American college, President Thwing here makes a study of twenty universities of the world, as follows: Oxford, London, Paris, Leiden, Upsala, Madrid, Geneva, Rome, Athens, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, St. Petersburg, Bucharest, Robert College on the Bosphorus, Cairo, Calcutta, Melbourne, Peking, and Tokyo. With the single exception of Melbourne, President Thwing visited and studied in its own habitat each of these twenty universities, and writes the book "to give some idea, however imperfectly outlined and inadequately presented, of the higher education of the world." Throughout the book the writer makes constant and helpful comparison of conditions in the foreign universities with those that prevail in America.

The *Tudor Shakespeare*, a new handy edition similar in size to the familiar *Temple*, is begun by the Macmillan Company under the editorship of Professor Neilson of Harvard and Professor Thorndike of Columbia, who have enlisted for the editing of the separate plays a group of well-known scholars throughout the country. Already the following plays have appeared: *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry IV*, part I, *Henry V*, *Henry VI*, part I, *As You Like It*, *Macbeth* and *The Merchant of Venice*. The edition includes: a short introduction, dealing with text, date of composition, sources, etc., and notes and glossary, which are commendably brief. One altogether new feature, which comes as a surprise to the unsophisticated reader, is the fact, advertised on the inside cover page: "The Text used is the Neilson Text, copyrighted in 1906 by William Allan Neilson."

*Frederick James Furnivall: A Volume of Personal Record*. (Oxford University Press). This volume is intended to "en-

shrine varied recollections of Dr. Furnivall gathered from amongst all his friends. The proceeds of the volume are to go to the Furnivall Sculling Club." There is a biography by John Munro, the editor, who thus pays a tender, glowing tribute to his beloved friend, 'the Doctor': "There is no example, in the annals of the world's literature, of a man who worked for truth more whole-heartedly and studied his own fortune less." Spontaneous tributes of like sort, testifying to his scholarship and philanthropy, to his simplicity, vigor, courage, eternal freshness and enthusiasm, and to his child-like joy in working for the happiness of others, are given by forty-eight other men and women representing many different types and countries, from a waitress in the A. B. C. in London to distinguished scholars and literary people in Austria, Italy, Germany, France, and America. To those who knew Dr. Furnivall personally, the volume comes as a welcome memorial; to those who did not know him, it will be a valuable record of the life of a devoted scholar and a good man.

*Monna Lisa: or the Quest of the Woman Soul*, transcribed by Guglielmo Scala (Crowell). As the preface tells us, this is a translation of a dilapidated manuscript which was discovered in a heap of rubbish in one of the old palaces of Florence and which was undoubtedly one of the lost works of the great artist, Leonardo da Vinci. But in order to prevent possible misconception, the publishers prefix a note explaining that, after all, the work is one of pure fiction and that the name "Guglielmo Scala" is a mere pen-name. The volume thus purports to be the journal of da Vinci, who, at first absorbed in his art and indifferent to the charms of women, is eventually overcome by the beauty and the woman soul of Monna Lisa and immortalizes them on his canvas.

*The Literature of the South*, by Montrose J. Moses (Crowell). In this volume of nearly five hundred pages, the author has made a comprehensive study of the literature of the South from the time of John Smith to the present day, in the belief that its individuality and its significance as a part of American literature should have wider understanding. His main purpose has been,

not to set up final critical estimates of literary men, but to trace from period to period the close connection existing between the Southern life and its literature.

The *First Folio* edition of Shakespeare (Crowell) is continued under the sole editorship of Miss Charlotte Porter, who has just issued the first and second parts of *Henry IV*. The last plays issued in joint editorship with Miss Clarke are *King John* and *Richard II*. Undoubtedly the editors have rendered permanent service to students and readers of Shakespeare and have produced an edition that should always find a place in the college and in the home.

*John the Loyal: Studies in the Ministry of the Baptist*, by A. T. Robertson (Scribner's). Professor Robertson, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky, writes this volume with no view to re-establishing theological dogma, but merely with the purpose of making the reader feel something of John's vitality and wonderful personality. For "John was not a ceremonialist. The Spiritual element was the main thing in his nature. He 'followed the gleam,' and was loyal to his vision. That is the dominant note in his life. He is still the Voice crying in the Wilderness, and the people are eager to hear his words."

*Mark Twain*, by Archibald Henderson (Frederick A. Stokes and Company), is at once "an appreciation originating in the heart of one who loved Mark Twain's works for a generation before he ever met Samuel L. Clemens, . . . and an interpretation springing from the conviction that Mark Twain was a great American, . . . a supreme humorist, . . . a brilliant wit, . . . constitutionally a reformer, . . . a philosopher and sociologist, . . . a genius who lived to know and enjoy the happy rewards of his own fame; . . . a great man who saw life steadily and saw it whole."

*George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works*, by Archibald Henderson (Stewart & Kidd Company), and *The Ballad of the White Horse*, by Gilbert K. Chesterton (John Lane) will be reviewed in a subsequent issue.

*The Red Lantern: Being the Story of the Goddess of the Red Lantern Light*, by Edith Wherry (John Lane). The scene is laid in Peking, China, during the late Boxer uprising. With a realism bordering at times on the melodramatic and the gruesome, the book traces the career of Mahlee, a Eurasian (or half-breed), depicting the struggle that takes place in her heart between the two types of civilization she represents, that of Europe and that of Asia.

From Longmans, Green, & Company have come another group of religious books, some of which will be noticed more fully in a subsequent issue: *The Ministry of Our Lord*, by T. W. Drury, Bishop of Sodor and Man; *An Eirenic Itinerary*, by Silas McBee, editor of *The Churchman*; *God in Evolution*, by Francis Howe Johnson; *The Church in the Confederate States*, by J. B. Cheshire, Bishop of North Carolina.

*The Political and Ecclesiastical Allegory of the First Book of the "Faerie Queene,"* by F. M. Padelford (Ginn), is a modest attempt to interpret the first book of the *Faerie Queene* as a detailed allegory of the principal events of the English Reformation from the year 1521 to the year 1571, and to identify the supposedly historical delineation both of incident and personage throughout the whole book.

*The Kindergarten at Home*, by W. M. Hillyer (The Baker & Taylor Company), is written with the avowed purpose of bringing the kindergarten to the child in his own home, and of providing mothers with fundamental principles and practical methods for training their little ones.

Three books of recent poetry have been received and will be given fuller notice in a later issue: *America the Beautiful*, by Katharine Lee Bates (Crowell); *For Lovers and Others: A Book of Roses*, by James Terry White (Stokes); and *Narrative Lyrics*, by Edward Lucas White (Putnam's).

*Cottage Pie: A Country Spread*, by A. Neil Lyons (John Lane), contains dialect sketches, grave and gay and of excellent flavor, dealing with country types in Buckinghamshire and Mid-Sussex, England.

Other books, which can be mentioned here by title only, have been received as follows: *The Heart of the Old Testament*, by John R. Sampey (Sunday School Board, Southern Baptist Convention, Nashville, Tennessee). *Prolegomena to Theism*, by Justus (Andrew H. Kellogg). *Critique of Pure Kant*, by Charles Kirkland Wheeler (Arakelyan Press, Boston). *Science and Religion in Contemporary Philosophy*, by Emile Boutroux (Macmillan). *The Stability of Truth*, by David Starr Jordan (Holt). *The Religion of Beauty in Women*, by Jefferson B. Fletcher; *The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome*, by William S. Davis (Macmillan). *A History of the United States*, by S. A. Forman (Century). *The Life of Daniel Coit Gilman*, by Fabian Franklin (Dodd, Mead & Co.). *John Dennis: His Life and Criticism*, by H. G. Paul (Columbia University Press). *English Elements in Jonson's Early Comedy*, by Charles Read Baskerville (The University of Texas). *Sir Perceval of Galles: A Study of the Sources of the Legend*, by Reginald H. Griffith (University of Chicago Press). *Plutarch's Cimon and Pericles*, newly translated with introduction and notes, by Bernadotte Perrin; *Rewards and Fairies*, by Rudyard Kipling, Vol. XXV of the complete edition of Kipling's writings in prose and verse (Scribner's). *In the Nantahala*, by Mrs. F. L. Townsend. A story of the North Carolina mountains (Broadway Publishing Company). *The Horroboos*, by Morrison I. Swift (The Liberty Press, Boston). *The Shadow of Love*, by Marcelle Tinayre; *Harmen Pols*, by Maarten Maartens (John Lane). *Siegfried: Wagner's Music-Drama retold in English verse*, by Oliver Huckel; *Longfellow and Other Essays*, by W. P. Trent (Crowell). *Manual of Agriculture for Secondary Schools: Studies in Soils and Crop Production*, by D. O. Barto; *Fundamentals of Agriculture*, edited by James B. Halligan; *Farm Friends and Farm Foes*, by Clarence M. Weed; *Writing Latin: Book I*, second-year work, by John Edmund Barrs (Heath).